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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ALL the attacks and counter-attacks of the past week have left the position in Madrid unchanged—except for some further damage by air raids. With more arms and aeroplanes and with greatly improved organisation, and with the coming of winter, the rebels' chances of taking the city have steadily decreased. If they do get it, they are likely to get only a heap of ruins. In any case, both there and in Catalonia, which is now becoming the centre of interest and anxiety, General Franco is obviously dependent on his Fascist patrons abroad. With Italian and German assistance his threat to Barcelona will be serious, and there seems very little doubt that he will have that assistance, even more fully than he has had it hitherto. The British mouse has been audacious enough to refuse him a free hand to do what he likes with British ships in the Mediterranean, and France also will protect her merchant ships. But the National Government's decision to be more "non-interventionist" than ever will only serve to encourage him and his backers. Italy and Germany will be in virtual command of the Mediterranean, easily able to continue supplying and stiffening the rebels, and making it more difficult—and soon, perhaps, impossible—for any Russian aid to reach the Spanish ports. That is the foreground of the picture; in the background looms the danger of "incidents" that may precipitate a wider and more terrible conflict.

Trotskyism in Russia

The German engineer, Stickling, who, with a number of Russians, was condemned to death by the Soviet Court, has had his sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment. There will be general relief at this decision. Nazi Germany has lashed itself into a fury over the case, and there was loud talk, and real fear, of a rupture of diplomatic relations. There appears to be no ground for assuming the innocence of Stickling, and it certainly does not lie in the mouth of the Nazis to accuse the Russians of conducting unfair trials. It is even comic that they should be so warm in their championship of a man who is an avowed Communist and has lived and worked in Red Russia for some years (unless indeed the explanation is that he is a Nazi agent). But it was unfortunate that this trial—and the arrest of still more Germans in Russia—should come at a moment of such dangerous international strain. What, really, is the meaning of this new drive in the U.S.S.R.? Is it that "Trotskyism"

is more widespread and more serious than we had been led to suppose? That seems to be the implication of an article a day or two ago in *Pravda* by Mr. Roginsky, who prosecuted the wreckers at the recent trial. It is, in any case, not the best possible atmosphere for the introduction of the new Constitution.

The New Soviet Constitution

This constitution, the "Stalin Constitution" as it is called, is being debated, as we write, by the All-Union Congress of Soviets in Moscow. It is in principle and in many of its details a remarkably liberal constitution. There is to be a bicameral parliament—one chamber directly elected by popular, and secret, ballot, the other composed of representatives of the many different nationalities in the Soviet Union. The old disparity between the value of urban and rural votes is to be abolished, while the electoral poll will be increased by the inclusion of persons hitherto disfranchised, such as priests. Various rights, political and economic are guaranteed (except to "capitalists")—for example, the right to work and to leisure, freedom of speech, of assembly, of worship, provisions against arbitrary arrest or search. Judges are to be popularly elected and given a position of greater independence. All this is admirable, and if it is applied in practice as its appears on paper, the U.S.S.R. may fairly claim to lead the democracies of the world. But how it will be applied in practice remains to be seen. The Communist Party has not abdicated, and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat will presumably see to it that liberty does not get out of hand.

Egypt and Britain

The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty has been ratified at Westminster amid a chorus of approval from all parties. It had already been ratified by the Egyptian Parliament by an overwhelming majority—202 votes to 11—and Mr. Eden could fairly say that Great Britain is now "a freely accepted ally of Egypt." For this result world events are largely responsible. Tory Die-hards and timorous Imperialists have had some lessons driven into them (as have Egyptian Nationalists) since the days when Arthur Henderson was struggling for a settlement. It is true that Egypt's sovereign independence is still something short of perfect. But only the most implacable doctrinaire will fume at that in the present state of affairs; the Egyptians are content with a compromise which gives each side the substance of what it wants and needs. British troops will be retained in Egypt for a period of 20 years, but no longer in occupation of Cairo. Egypt is to become a member of the League of Nations—for what that may be worth. The regime of the Sudan, which for so long seemed an insoluble problem, is settled on a reasonable basis. The Capitulations have still to be got rid of; but we have agreed to abandon our own privileges and to do all we can to persuade other Powers to follow our example.

The American Outlook

The American Federation of Labour has not, after all, expelled Mr. John L. Lewis and the Unions associated with his Committee for Industrial Organisation. It has only prolonged their suspension and invited them to return and accept the craft union discipline of the Federation. At the same time, the A.F. of L. has disavowed the seamen's strike which is paralysing shipping on both coasts of the United States, and has once again showed its unwillingness to take the lead in any militant movement of Labour. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court of the United States, with Mr. Justice Stone, who usually votes with the progressives, absent ill, has divided equally on the question of the constitutionality of the New York State Unemployment Law, and has thus, while upholding this particular measure, left the general question of the constitutionality of President Roosevelt's social security laws to be decided on subsequent appeals—for an equal vote in the Supreme Court upholds a law, but does not create a precedent. As for the A.F. of L., it can be taken for granted that Mr. Lewis and his recalcitrants will not return to the fold. They may form at once a new Labour Federation of their own, or they may hold their hand. Mr. Lewis is already being spoken of as a possible Radical candidate for President next time; and it will very likely depend on what the Supreme Court ultimately decides about Federal rights of social legislation whether or not American Labour makes its belated appearance as a national party during the next two or three years.

Money and Stability

Switzerland and Holland have both this week announced their general adhesion to the tripartite monetary agreement between Great Britain, France and the United States. This presumably means that, without either returning to the gold standard at new parities or starting formal Exchange Equalisation Funds of their own, they intend to become partners in an international managed monetary system designed to preserve a reasonable degree of exchange stability. The general effect will be to make world currencies centre more than ever upon the pound and the dollar, now managed by arrangement between the British and American Equalisation Funds, and to make more absolute the currency isolation of Germany and Italy, with their rigid systems of exchange control. Financial stability, however, even on this new controlled basis, is still very precarious. The Americans a few months ago raised the reserve requirements of their banks by 50 per cent. But surplus reserves are again piling up in the American banking system at a tremendous rate, despite the continued expansion of industrial activity; and there is already talk of raising the reserve requirements for a second time. In fact, money is still drifting irresistibly towards the United States; only a resumption of American foreign lending can reverse the current. But that depends on political tranquillity, and politically the situation goes fast from bad to worse.

Lancashire and the Special Areas

The Government, driven much against its will to admit that it must do something more for the depressed areas, has secured the renewal of the existing Act under the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill only by a promise of further legislation in the immediate future. It is now being strongly pressed to include in any new Act, not only the areas already scheduled as "special," but other districts in which distress no less severe has existed for a long time. The most important of the areas hitherto excluded is Lancashire, with its decaying coalfield centres

and cotton towns—certainly as good claimants to special help as the districts at present within the authority of the two Commissioners for England and Wales and Scotland. A representative deputation from Lancashire has visited the Minister of Labour this week and pressed its case for inclusion; and at the same time it has been revealed how insignificant, up to the present, is the contribution to economic recovery in the scheduled areas made by the Special Areas Reconstruction Association. This body, Mr. Chamberlain announced on Tuesday, has so far received 358 applications for help. Of these, it has disallowed 65 as beyond its scope and put back 104 as too indefinite for action. It has actually accepted only 14, involving total grants which only amount to the bagatelle of £52,300.

The Public Order Bill

One objectionable feature in the Public Order Bill has so far been eliminated in the Committee stage of its passage through the House. In Clause 2, sub-section 4, the Government agreed on Monday to delete the proviso that proof of things done by "persons appearing to be" members of an organisation should be admissible as evidence of the purposes for which members were organised. This proviso gave most undesirable scope for the employment of *agents provocateurs*, and its disappearance is welcome. It is satisfactory also to have the Home Secretary's promise that he will see that, before the Bill is finally passed, the right to have meetings normally and properly stewarded is adequately safeguarded. For the rest, the House appeared to be inclined to hurry the Bill along without much attention to possible abuses of the greatly enlarged police powers it contains. Some faint-hearted attempts by Tory members to secure in the Bill a definition of what constitutes a political uniform were wisely rejected, and Sir John Simon was persuaded to withdraw an amendment which he had proposed, empowering the police to prohibit the carrying of "flags, banners or emblems" if they feared serious public disorder as a result. Such powers, which might be exercised vexatiously against orderly and traditional Labour Day processions, would be both objectionable and unnecessary.

Waterloo Bridge

When Parliament voted, last June, in favour of enabling the London County Council to borrow the necessary money for the reconstruction of Waterloo Bridge, the natural assumption was that the vote would be followed by the appropriate grant from the Road Fund of 60 per cent. of the net cost of the scheme. The Government, however, have decided otherwise, and the L.C.C. is very properly asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Minister of Transport to receive an all-party deputation from the Council on the subject. The attitude taken up by the Government in the matter is indefensible. To withhold the Road Fund grant, and thus to saddle London ratepayers with the whole cost of the new bridge, can be regarded only as a petty act of retaliation against Londoners for electing a Labour majority in the L.C.C. Even Mr. Webbe, the leader of the Opposition in the Council, is protesting against this manifest injustice to the ratepayers. For if any road improvement can be defined as being of national importance, and therefore calling for some contribution from the general body of taxpayers, it is surely the vitally necessary reconstruction of one of the major traffic arteries in the capital.

Changing Oxford

Lord Nuffield's munificence is of a breath-taking type. No one who attended the ceremony at Oxford at which his gift of a million and a quarter was accepted—perhaps not even Lord Nuffield himself—had a notion that by the time it ended his gift would have become two millions. But so it was; and many people in Oxford had a sense that with the acceptance of so grand a gift something old and irrevocable had passed away. Oxford owed its early endowment to munificent donors; but in recent times the University had grown used to living within its income, and rather fearlessly trying to keep cultivating the arts in an atmosphere of academic seclusion. Many people in Oxford feel that Lord Nuffield has blown all that away, and that they have very little notion of what is to happen next, in a University in which medicine will be henceforth much the best endowed faculty. Immediately, they have to elect a new M.P. in place of Lord Hugh Cecil. Their choice lies between Sir Arthur Salter, a great international civil servant turned professor amid the ruins of the League of Nations; Professor Lindemann, an academic scientist turned publicist, with a favourite scheme of air defence; and Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Professor of Medicine and principal intermediary in the acceptance of the Nuffield gift. Not one of them stands for the old cloistered tradition. But neither do the University electors, graduates scattered to the four winds, whose verdict is as unpredictable now as it was at the General Election.

Rational Divorce

In a House whose division strength was reduced to 90, Mr. A. P. Herbert secured, last Friday, a second reading for his Marriage (*alias* Divorce Reform) Bill. Twenty-four years of parliamentary obstruction having elapsed since a Royal Commission reported in favour of divorce reform, A. P. H. is to be congratulated on the signal achievement of getting a Matrimonial Reform Bill as far as the Committee stage, even though he had to give to the ecclesiastical Cerberus a considerable sop in the initial proviso that no marriage in future should be dissolved until after five years, and in the very proper provision which would absolve the Church from having to solemnise marriages which are not in accordance with its tenets. In defining desertion, cruelty, habitual drunkenness, incurable insanity and imprisonment under a commuted death penalty as grounds for divorce, the Bill removes some of the worst existing impediments to release from an intolerable social contract. But though the elimination, which the Bill contemplates, of the King's Proctor is also a step in the right direction, the Bill fails to deal adequately with one obvious evil in the present situation; divorce which is sought by mutual consent will still be obtainable only by perjury or a degrading pretence of adultery. And in cases where the petitioner, as only too often happens, is not, in the eyes of the law, an "innocent" aggrieved person, it will still not be obtainable at all.

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THE FASCIST COALITION

TWICE in the news of this week the Fascist Powers have appeared on the international stage as a group that acts as a unit. Simultaneously and in identical terms Berlin and Rome recognised General Franco's headquarters as the lawful government of the whole of Spain. And now Germany and Japan have signed an agreement for "defensive co-operation"—with an invitation to Italy to join them. "The two Governments," says Article II, "will invite other Powers whose internal peace is threatened by the work of the Communist International . . . to take part in this agreement." Perhaps they may hope for an acceptance not merely from Mussolini, but from Portugal and other budding Fascist States. We are not ourselves disposed to believe that the published document represents the whole substance of the agreement; the draft which reached Shanghai and London, perhaps through Secret Service channels, and various versions of which appeared in the *Times* and other papers seemed only too credible. In any case the new link, though not exactly an alliance in the old pre-war sense, affirms political solidarity and provides for habitual military collaboration. Japan classes herself as a Fascist Power, and takes her place in the united front against Communism. Germany and Japan will enter into no engagements without mutual consultation, an arrangement that brings Japan back to Europe, at least with some right of veto, and admits Germany, with the same negative status, to the ring of Far Eastern Powers. They will act together against "the Communist International," which in practice must mean, first and foremost, Russia. If either is at war, the other will be at least a helpful and friendly neutral. According to the provisions anticipated in the press the agreement included an undertaking by Germany to supply Japan with armaments and to help her to modernise her military science and equipment. The relationship, if this is the case, would resemble the link that bound Turkey to Imperial Germany for some years before the war. In the protocol, as now published, no such arms agreement openly exists. But there is nothing to exclude, or to make unlikely, an arrangement of that sort. Article I in fact pledges the two Governments "to discuss the necessary measures of defence and to carry them out in close co-operation." What more natural than the discovery, in discussing measures of co-operation, that Japan needs arms which Germany can supply, and that Germany needs soya beans and other commodities from Japan?

This does not mean that either party is irrevocably committed to a joint war against Russia, but it does presumably mean that both will act with that possibility in view. In so far as Japan has less risky schemes of expansion on hand, notably against China, she can, of course, reckon on the benevolent attitude of Germany and Italy. It is also a legitimate inference that if one of these Powers were involved in a dispute with the British Empire, or with the League as a whole, the other two would observe at the very least a friendly neutrality. We need not discuss whether it is Fascist "ideology," or the appetites of their "have-not" condition that have brought these three Powers together. The have-not psychology is one of the factors in the make-up of Fascism; and once Fascism comes into existence, its internal structure perpetuates an expansionist mentality and indeed makes its perpetuation a necessity to a Fascist dictator.

We are confronted, in any case, with a Fascist block loosely lined up against the more conservative Western Powers, and turning with vehement and noisy solidarity against Russia. The danger of this situation is that the Fascist Powers are much more conscious of their unity than the Powers against which they are ranged. As a result of British and French vacillation Russia is being driven into a perilous isolation, and the Western Powers fail to perceive how much they themselves have lost in security and weight by this division.

The other manifestation of Fascist policy presents us with an urgent problem. Berlin and Rome did not recognise Franco because his cause prospers; on the contrary they chose to encourage him at a moment when his eventual success is more than ever doubtful. Amply provided with arms, he may not have men enough to take Madrid, still less to conquer and hold the rest of the Peninsula. Unfortunately, his victory has now become linked with German and Italian prestige. Does it follow that Rome and Berlin will provide him with what he lacks, with men and ships as well as arms? It may be so, for the Non-Intervention Agreement has never been anything but a delusion that served to render British and French weakness respectable. The Russians have had the realism and the courage to free themselves from this sham. Instead of a one-sided conquest of Spain by international Fascism, the Civil War has now become an open struggle on Spanish soil between Moscow on the one hand and Rome and Berlin on the other. The dangers of this rivalry are obvious, but they only confirm us in our original opinion that the Western Powers ought to have taken their stand from first to last on the firm ground of international law. The law and usage of civilisation affirm the right of the recognised Government of Madrid to buy arms in any friendly country, and forbid friendly countries to supply the rebels who have mutinied against it. The duty of the Western Powers was to observe that rule themselves, and through the League to impose it on others.

This act of recognition may have awkward practical consequences. But the grounds on which it is justified in Rome and Berlin raise a question of principle. Signor Gayda, who is the Duce's mouthpiece, has said plainly that Italy will not tolerate the establishment of a Communist State on the shores of the Mediterranean. On the same day the Nazi press used the same language. Fascist terminology is deliberately loose. The Spanish Cabinet is a coalition of all parties of the Left under a Liberal President; the Communists seem to be the smallest of the groups included in the People's Front; and Señor Largo Caballero, the Prime Minister, declares that there is no intention of introducing the Soviet system in Spain. But if Rome and Berlin merely mean that this is a Government of the Left, that it is likely to move in a Socialist direction, and that it is now bound to Moscow by ties of sympathy and gratitude, no one will dispute this description. On the survival of such a Government, then, the Dictators have placed their veto. It is possible to dismiss such articles as journalistic verbiage. But they fit unpleasantly into the context of the German-Japanese agreement. This is in concrete terms what the Fascist United Front against "Communism" means. Nor does

the Power that has virtually occupied Majorca and supplied Franco with planes, tanks and possibly submarines confine itself to verbiage. The Fascist Powers are resolved to fight any expansion of what they call Communism, by which they mean any tendency towards Socialism, or any fraternal links with the Soviet Union. That is, in effect, a declaration of war upon the organised working-class of Europe. Mr. Eden expressed at Leamington his dislike of any grouping of States based on "ideology." Who does not dislike the awful prospect of a new era of religious wars? But dislike will not dissolve such groups. If British policy continues to ignore the decisive facts of the living world, it will remain the futile thing it has been for the last five years. Such a doctrine as the Fascist coalition seeks to impose cannot be ignored; one either combats it or acquiesces. To acquiesce is to submit to a Fascist hegemony over Europe. Spain will be the test. If with foreign arms it is won for Fascism, then over the rest of the Old World democracy exists on sufferance. The changed attitude of responsible Conservative newspapers suggests that the British Government may also have begun to realise that a victory for General Franco would mean that Italy, already in occupation of Majorca, would control the Western Mediterranean.

The immediate problem, however, is how to act in view of Franco's threat that he will bombard Barcelona and blockade the Eastern ports. He has no resources of his own that would enable him to do either of these things, but with Italian or German planes and ships he might achieve both of them. Mr. Eden has done well to refuse any recognition of belligerent rights. Morally this would be an encouragement to the rebels and an affront to the Republic. In practice it would confer the right to search British ships on the high seas, provided the rebel blockade can be made effective. It would be outrageous to confer this right on the rebels, since at an early stage of the Civil War the British Government denied it to the warships in the service of Madrid. It follows (and on this Mr. Eden was explicit) that outside the three-mile limit, British ships will be protected. Ships under other flags will have to take their chance, and it is unpleasant news that a Greek and a Norwegian vessel bound for Republican ports have already been seized. Mr. Eden was silent, however, when he was asked what would happen if a British ship were held up by a rebel vessel within territorial waters. That would be technically an act of piracy, which everyone has the right to resist. The further step that he announced strikes us as ill-advised. It is unrealistic to tighten by legislation an embargo which three other Powers are defying. German planes are now flying directly and daily to Spain. The port of Cadiz is wide open for sea-borne supplies of arms. It is even probable that both Fascist Powers are giving naval aid. On the other side, it is now no secret that Russian planes and tanks, with men to man them, have reached Madrid in considerable numbers. Thanks to them there is now a chance that its inhabitants will escape the brutalities of the Moors. If in these conditions this country on its side reinforces the embargo with legal penalties, the only effect will be to weight the scales still more heavily against the Republic. We would urge the Opposition to resist this Bill stoutly, and to press on the Government the wisdom of a return to the standpoint of customary law that should never have been abandoned.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND IN CENTRAL EUROPE

Vienna

THE present situation in Central Europe and the Balkans resembles one of those scenes in a crook play where someone has shot out the lights in a locked room, and the various actors, revolver in hand, listen tensely for any sign of movement. Authoritarian dictatorship first deliberately created this obscurity within its own frontiers in order to be free to commit the mute millions it rules to friendships or enmities, peace or war, overnight free from question. We have reached the stage in Central Europe where there are so many autocratic Governments responsible to no one to explain their policies that no individual autocracy—nor for that matter any of the surviving democracies—knows what game the neighbouring autocrats are playing. But each suspects the worst. When the modern dictatorships have wilted like all others in history, it will be great fun to see how deeply each autocracy feared and distrusted the others, to whom it was linked only by the common hatred of liberty and progress.

For the moment Fascism can afford a dance of triumph over Wilsonian ideology with its "open covenants openly arrived at." Apart from the one obvious fact that Hitler means war, diplomatic representatives seem in a state of jitters as to what to tell their various Governments about recent events in murky Central Europe. What, for instance, is the real position between Germany and Italy after Ciano's Berlin and Berchtesgaden visits, between Germany, the Rome Bloc and the Little Entente following Mussolini's Milan speech, the Vienna Conference and Ciano's visit to Hungary? What brought Colonel Beck and Prince Paul of Jugoslavia to Britain? And what hand—if any—is our own National Government playing, and does it understand what the game is all about? Worried diplomats in Central Europe ask one another such questions, and statesmen listen in the dark with revolvers ready for any sign of movement.

The recent Three Power Conference in Vienna fulfilled none of the expectations justly entertained that it would bring together Little Entente and Rome Bloc. Why was this? The Austro-German Agreement—more properly the Italo-German Agreement about Austria—was, as I wrote in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on July 18th, "a gentlemen's agreement between two gentlemen, one of whom is not sure that the other is." That Nazism is an article of international export is proved by the furious activities of Nazi propagandists in various Central European and Balkan States. That the Fascist international really works is shown in Spain, where it is supporting the military junta in its work, as Low's immortal cartoon put it, of collecting enough "Moors and foreign riff-raff to wipe out the Spanish people and save Spain." But this international nationalism cannot from its nature maintain cohesion for long. Italy and Germany are co-operating—to the detriment of liberty in Europe and the prospects of peace—not whole-heartedly, but in a *Zweckverband*—a mistrustful and almost a guilty association to attain limited objectives. But Mussolini knows that in this uneasy partnership Italy can never speak as an equal to Germany, and for some time past has been putting out the discreetest of feelers towards the Little Entente. They have been warmly welcomed, above all in Prague.

Public opinion in Great Britain was entirely misled about the purpose of the Three Power Conference in Vienna when it was announced in the summer. It was at first depicted as a counterblast to the Little Entente Conference at Bratislava; but the enthusiasm with which the Czechoslovak press greeted the idea of the conference in Vienna gave this theory the lie. The truth was that Czechoslovakia, which felt the German menace drawing ever closer, had every reason to welcome this conference. "The States signatories of the Rome Protocol," not "The Rome Bloc States," was how Italy, Austria and Hungary described their association. The term "bloc" was avoided because it was always emphasised that other States

could come into line and sign the Rome Protocols. The organ of the Czechoslovak Foreign Office, the *Prager Presse*, has just put on record the fact that until the Vienna Conference this impression was deliberately conveyed by all the Rome Bloc States. There are good reasons to believe that last summer Mussolini had decided to strengthen his position *vis-à-vis* Germany by bringing together the Little Entente and the Rome Bloc, and that he called the Vienna Conference for this reason. Austria, whose economic ties with Czechoslovakia are nearly as important as her political ties with Italy, was to have been the intermediary. The inspired Austrian press could not find words enough to emphasise the supremely important changes which the Conference was to effect. But a week before it opened, Dr. Guido Schmidt, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Dr. Schuschnigg, told foreign newspapermen in Vienna that the conference would bring no sensations, that co-operation between the Little Entente and the Rome Bloc would not be discussed and that Austria would not in any event be an intermediary. Count Ciano privately intimated that his principal occupation during the Conference would be to get acquainted with the night life of Vienna, and was only deterred by the austerity of Dr. Schuschnigg—or perhaps by authentic accounts of the general dreariness of this life—from putting his plans into effect. Dr. Schmidt's statement completely bewildered the diplomatic corps in Vienna, with the exception of the German and Rome Bloc ministers. Then came the Conference, which slammed the door in the face of co-operation between the two groups by declaring that agreements with outside States should be limited to bilateral agreements between individual Rome Bloc States and individual outsiders. The Little Entente was cold-shouldered at the Conference, but Herr von Papen was the only non-Rome Bloc diplomat to be invited to all functions except the actual meetings. Concerning these he got full day-to-day information; the French Minister, M. Puaux, had to ask Dr. Schmidt for reassurances on the first day of the Conference. but heard very little else.

What had happened? For one thing, Herr von Neurath had gone post-haste to Budapest on the first rumours that the Little Entente and Rome Bloc were coming together at the Conference and had at first insisted on Germany taking part. For another thing, Count Ciano had been to Berlin and Berchtesgaden. The most disquieting features of the situation created by the disappointing Vienna Conference are the indications that between Ciano, Hitler and Neurath some kind of an agreement was reached beforehand to divide Central Europe and the Balkans into spheres of influence—Austria and Czechoslovakia falling to Germany and Hungary and Jugoslavia to Italy. Ever since the accession of the late General Gömbös to power, Italy's influence in Hungary has been steadily yielding to Germany's. Of all the States where the Third Reich had secured a footing none, not even Bulgaria, had become such a Nazi stronghold as Hungary. Italy made no effort to defend her former predominance there, being unwilling to compromise larger interests by resisting German progress in Hungary. Since Count Ciano's German trip all that has changed. At Milan Signor Mussolini reappeared as Hungary's Sir Galahad, and Count Ciano the other day had the most frenzied welcome ever accorded to a foreign statesman in Budapest. The Regent, Admiral Horthy, is to go to Rome on the first official visit he has paid abroad in his fifteen years of office; it will be returned either by Prince Umberto or King Victor Emmanuel himself in Budapest. On the other hand, German Nazi agents who have been busily distributing illegal Nazi propaganda brought in from the Reich among Hungary's subjects of German race and risking no more than an occasional beating from the Hungarian peasants are now actually being arrested. No fewer than seventeen of these travellers in Nazi revolutionary propaganda were recently arrested in Western Hungary. Strangely enough, the chorus of indignation which greeted the arrest of Germans in Moscow was silent in these cases, all mention of the arrests being suppressed in the German newspapers. When Herr von Mackensen, the German Minister to Budapest, asked M. Kanya, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, for information, he was politely reminded that Hungary could manage her own business. The rebuke was accepted and there was no diplomatic protest. In Jugoslavia also, where Germany has up till recently used every device of her propaganda machine to be accepted in the role of protector against Italy, there has been no counter-move to the Duce's Milan offer of friendship with Jugoslavia.

This graceful, but for aggressive Nazism unusual, surrender of advanced political positions to Italy has been counterbalanced by an equally unusual deference on the part of the Duce respecting Germany's desires concerning Austria and Czechoslovakia. As we have seen, all suggestions of co-operation made to the Little Entente via Prague have been dropped. In Austria the Nazis are jubilant over the reports brought back from his talks with Hitler and other leaders by the new Austrian Nazi leader, Captain Leopold. There is no secret about this appointment by Herr Hitler of a new leader to a movement in a foreign country which is officially supposed not to exist, and the Austrian Captain Leopold is in frequent consultation with the German Minister Papen. The Austrian Nazis now appreciate that the Austro-German agreement of July 11th was really their Trojan horse, by means of which Austria's independence will gradually be destroyed from within. At a secret conference of Austrian Nazi leaders to welcome back Captain Leopold recently, they were told that Hitler wants peace in Austria from considerations of general foreign policy, that he is confident of securing by "peaceful penetration" a Nazi regime in Austria within two years and that meanwhile Austria's foreign policy is tied to his and the Austrian army to the Reichswehr. Far-reaching concessions to themselves and to Germany were alleged to have been secured from the Austrian Government, which has issued no denial. Without Italy's approval, of course, such a strengthening of Germany's position in Austria would never have been effected, any more than the new Austro-German commercial agreement based on Germany sending armaments and machinery in exchange for the export of agrarian products to be financed by the Austrian Government would have been brought as near completion as it is.

It is another matter how permanent this "spheres of influence" understanding may be. A Nazi Austria still means Germany on the Brenner. A German invasion of Czechoslovakia is still likely to mean Armageddon, despite the hopes of reactionaries everywhere, including those of Great Britain, that the attack of the Nazi wolves might be delayed by flinging her from the sled. Does the Duce really mean to pay such a price for the sake of Fascist internationalism? It seems much more likely that he is skilfully blackmailing Great Britain once again. In Prague they believe that the visit of Colonel Beck and Prince Paul are connected with a British plan to establish a *cordon sanitaire* around Germany, not of hostile States, but of States which would not in any way support her intended invasion of Russia. To make this attack impossible the inclusion of Italy in the *cordon* is all but essential. Signor Mussolini is in a position to say to Britain: "Look how I am holding my hand—so far. I have neither tied the Rome Bloc to Germany, nor restored the Habsburgs, nor—as yet—insisted on Hungarian rearmament. What will it be worth to me if I continue to be a good boy? What would it be worth to me if I dropped this co-operation with Germany in Central Europe which I have just begun and may intensify?" The Duce probably calculates that he can get his price in time to save the Brenner frontier by reversing the Ciano agreement with Germany; but this is just the kind of tricky game which Herr Hitler is accustomed to win hands down.

G. E. R. GEDYE

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A LONDON DIARY

THE Government's Distressed Area applecart was upset in a brusquer way than has been realised. I understand from those in a position to know that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, called hurriedly from home to the House to quell the mounting mutiny on the Government benches, had little notion what he was going to say when he got up, and that his ministerial colleagues had none at all. They had not been consulted. There had not been time. This explains that hazy promise of an amending bill by a Minister who, to one's recollection, has never been hazy in his life before. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is not hazy. He looks between blinkers; but his field of vision is usually as clear as it is restricted.

There is now a great to-do going on behind the scenes to find what to put into a Bill which the Government neither believes in nor really wants. The job of knocking something together out of Mr. Malcolm Stewart's recommendations and any other odds and ends of suggestions has been handed over to the small inter-departmental committee which was set up under Sir Horace Wilson after the row over Mr. Malcolm Stewart's earlier report. Another shock-absorber committee. Lord Wolmer and his followers should be warned. The Opposition, too. What is going on, I am assured, is properly called a "knocking-up" process. The Government departments, and their chiefs, especially the key chiefs, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Runciman and Mr. Ernest Brown, are irredeemable sceptics; they do not believe that anything useful can be done for the distressed areas by direct Government action. But reluctantly they are going to consent to what will be little more than a window-dressing Bill which will finally disappoint infinitely more hopes than it fulfils. "And the blood," said one authority gaily to me, "will be on the heads of you people who have been raising the false hopes." The undefeatable defeatism of the Government and Whitehall is marvellous.

* * *

It may be impossible both to see life clearly and to see it whole. Mr. Baldwin is the opposite type to Mr. Chamberlain. If Mr. Chamberlain has a clear and restricted field of vision, Mr. Baldwin's horizon is wide, indeterminate and misty. He is also, I think, capable of doing himself some injustice—as every man who thinks aloud in public may do. It was clear in the remarkable utterance on which I commented last week that his armour had been pierced by Mr. Winston Churchill and that he just blurted out his thoughts, as he did on the famous occasion in 1923 when he turned the tap on about tariff reform and lost the election. But the correspondent who accuses me of misrepresenting Mr. Baldwin's speech is easily refuted. Mr. Baldwin did not say that in view of the Disarmament Conference (which has never even yet been formally wound up!) and that in view of his knowledge that competitive armaments meant destruction to us all, he did not want to scare us all into a big armament programme and was still hoping that if he came back to power he would avoid it. He did not even pretend that the Government's spokesmen were truthful at the last election when they said they had no big rearmament programme in mind. What he actually said was:

> Supposing I had gone to the country and said that Germany was rearming and that we must rearm, does anybody think that this pacific democracy would have rallied to that cry at that moment? *I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election, from my point of view, more certain.* I think the country itself learned by certain events that took place during the winter of 1934-35 what the perils might be to it. All I did was to take a moment perhaps less unfortunate than another might have been, and we won the election with a large majority. . . .

My italics, but Mr. Baldwin's words.

* * *

Another politician who had a bad week was Sir Stafford Cripps, whose reply to a question at a meeting was certainly unhappily worded. He argued that the defeat of British imperialism would not necessarily be a disaster for the working class; it was, after all, only through the defeat of Tsardom that the Russian revolution was possible. Such theoretical disquisitions are dangerous on a political platform, and it has been easy for Mr. Winston Churchill and others to represent Sir Stafford as positively anxious for a war with Germany because it might lead to defeat and revolution. That a Labour leader could be held to entertain such sentiments was obviously very embarassing, and Sir Stafford has been officially rebuked by the Labour Party Executive. One point should be added. Sir Stafford's reputation as fair game for attack both to the Opposition and Conservative press means that he is followed round and carefully listened to for any dangerous and exploitable remark. I wonder how many politicians of any Party could survive this treatment? Reporters in general are a kindly lot who turn speakers' unfinished and ungrammatical sentences into passable English and who tone down overstated phrases where it is obvious what the speaker meant. Cabinet Ministers read their speeches to avoid the danger of a zealous reporter who may report them verbatim. Hitler's speeches are not published at all until carefully edited and often substantially altered. Sir Stafford stands in lonely glory as a man whose least wise utterance is certain to be faithfully reported.

* * *

The remarks of Mr. Winston Churchill I referred to occurred in the remarkable speech he made at the huge New Commonwealth lunch on Wednesday. It was an extraordinary affair. About 450 people of all political shades, including the Russian and many other Ambassadors, numerous Tories, some of them the most extreme Die-hards, Liberal and Labour M.P.s, business men and odd individuals like me. I seemed to see every public person I knew. But I had never met either of my neighbours and we discovered gradually that we differed on every conceivable political topic. I should think scores of people must have had the same experience. I tried to see what the link was and how these people had been chosen: roughly I suppose the assumption was that we agreed about the desirability of collective security and thought that the Fascist Powers were a menace against which we must reason more fast and furiously. But we did not all agree about that: one of the most extreme Lansbury pacifists was sitting not far from me. Anyway Mr. Churchill's speech was definite enough: big armaments in order to remake the League and stand up to the aggressor. The full milk of the League gospel including the particular bit of it, the international Air Police Force, which Lord Davies and the New Commonwealth League have so sturdily championed. It was odd to hear Mr. Churchill enunciating these sentiments and talking of the golden moment we had lost when we might have got general disarmament. . . . I recall a wrecking and reckless speech he made at a critical moment of the Disarmament Conference. The thing he still minds most about is rearmament. But it is never kind to recall a politician's recent utterances, and I have no doubt about Mr. Churchill's sincere desire for an alliance with the Democratic against the Fascist Powers, and for the reconstruction of the League, if possible. This means, if it means anything, a firm alliance with Russia, which is the most powerful, and indeed an absolutely indispensable, part of any reconstructed League. Mr. Churchill did not say this explicitly and it might not have been popular with all his audience if he had. But he should have said so explicitly if he wanted to ram home his conversion. How far this Churchill leadership will go I don't know. But it may go a very long way. For he is the one first-rank politician who quite unambiguously knows his own mind.

* * *

The German authorities are naturally outraged that the Nobel Peace Prize should be given to Carl von Ossietsky. The man is a notorious pacifist. He was converted to pacifism by service in the last war. The Nazi have kept him in a concentration camps and tried by every kind of violence to

knock the pacifism out of him. He remained a pacifist, but developed a dangerously weak heart, which proves that he was always lily-livered. A lot of international writers and people who thought well of his pacifist writing before the Nazis put a stop to it have agitated for his release, and now that he is to die out of prison he is to be honoured as a pacifist. Could anyone less suitable for a Peace Prize be found? Mr. Garvin, I gather, favoured Mussolini for the prize. My own candidate was General Franco.

* * *

The enthusiasm excited in our rulers by an eighteenth-century house or a green tree in the middle of London can be compared only to the emotion which a sportsman feels at the sight of a gaudy cock-pheasant or twelve-point stag. "What a beauty—I'll bring him down!" The response to the King George Memorial Fund having proved disappointing, some of the menaced Abingdon Street houses are now, it appears, to be preserved, but there is enough money available for the magnificent mansion opposite the Victoria Tower to be commemoratively demolished. And now the Westminster City Council have sighted the trees which make Leicester Square a solitary green oasis in the hideous architectural desert of "theatreland" (I have often heard birds singing there in the branches above the din of the traffic). At any moment an axe will be heard, as melancholy as the axe in *The Cherry Orchard*, and the leaves which have for years presumed to show each spring their undisciplined shapes will disappear for good. One of their crimes, it seems, is that they conceal the sky-signs from potential customers. We cannot believe that the Westminster City Council consider this a reason for destroying the trees, but the only other reason we have seen put forward is that trees have branches, branches shelter birds, and birds are not house-trained. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. A. A. K. Arnold.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

In England they had learned long ago that they must work as a team and sink their personal interests for the good of the community. The first public school man had been born in Nazareth, and his name was Jesus Christ; the second was his disciple, St. Paul.—The Bishop of Portsmouth reported in the *Isle of Wight Chronicle*.

I learn that the education committees of certain county councils, including the L.C.C., are opposing the lecture campaign on the Navy which 200 retired naval officers, with the approval of the Admiralty, are to conduct throughout the country.

The lectures given are in no sense direct recruiting propaganda. They are talks about the work of the Navy and the life, pay, prospects of its personnel, and methods of entry.—Naval Correspondent of *Daily Telegraph*.

At present I am reading a book which gives some of the facts with regard to unemployment and malnutrition in this country. If I had not found the answer in God-control I should be appalled at the picture presented.—The Oxford Group News Column of the *British Weekly*.

The *Universe* reporter discovered:

That the "notorious" Moors had defended churches from attack and desecration, and that they had volunteered for the job because they had seen the benefits of Christianity.—*The Universe*.

Mr. Ford said that he could make a £650 house just as "chic" and with half-timbered work make its appearance as old-fashioned as any £2,000 house.—*Birmingham Mail*.

At a meeting on Monday night of the Aberystwyth Free Church Council Mr. David Phillips said that the B.B.C. had been broadcasting gardening talks on Sunday. They in Wales regarded that as sacrilege and something which jarred on the ears of Welshmen. It was not in any way elevating to hear that sort of thing on a Sunday. . . . —*Times*.

OVER-CROWDING AND EDUCATION

FROM time to time correspondents in the newspapers raise the subject of discipline in schools and the use of the cane. During the last few years I have taught for a few months at a time in a considerable number of Elementary Schools, mainly of the type known as Senior Schools. Boys enter these schools at the age of eleven and leave at the age of fourteen.

At the age of eleven a boy is obliged to leave the Junior School. If he is clever he may win a scholarship to a Secondary School. If he is bright without being clever he can gain admittance to the Central School. If, alas! he is neither clever nor bright he must pass three years at a Senior School with companions of the same intellectual calibre as himself. Pupils of the Senior School are thus, all of them, dull. Inside the Senior School further rationalisation dogs his footsteps. He may be allocated to a series of classes containing boys not so dull as the others, or to a parallel series of classes containing pupils altogether refractory to educational influence. And although by the use of such terms as "manual bias" or "handicraft bias" it might be thought that some attempt was made to give the curriculum another character, it nevertheless remains the same traditional literary education for which at every point he has proved himself so unsuited. Add to this that our unfortunate dull boy finds himself in a class of forty or fifty other dull boys all with the same profound distaste and incapacity for intellectual effort, and we can sympathise with his bewilderment and understand his passionate desire to leave. The reflections of children are frequently very acute, and is he so far wrong when he feels and declares that we are wasting his time and our money?

So much for the material. Now for a few salient features of the dull boy's environment.

I found that in the eyes of boys and masters the question of discipline overshadowed and dwarfed every other consideration. From the very beginning, in every school and in every class, the demon of disorder, insolence and open rebellion appeared either in embryo or fully developed. The headmasters, I found, judged the competence of their staff not mainly by their culture or pedagogic ability, but by their success in bringing forty boys to heel. Those masters with the lion-tamer's reserve of moral force never had any trouble. Others, quite as worthy, found themselves confronted with the daily difficulty of driving their charges along the unwilling path of silence and strict uniformity of movement which are the accepted signs of a well-controlled class. Although reluctant to vitiate the magic period of discovery which should be the child's school life, they found themselves overwhelmed by the circumstances of their environment.*

The gift of external control, so highly praised and so highly rewarded, engenders in masters and boys a special mentality involving special disorders, for the temporary removal of the restless, vigilant supervision results in pandemonium and riot. In some schools it was quite impossible to leave one's class unattended even for a few minutes, and the boys were closely watched from the moment they entered school till the time came for departure.

On the intellectual side the standard was so low that one might have asked what on earth the boys had been doing during the eight or nine years of State instruction already accomplished. Hardly a boy could speak English with clearness or accuracy. The speech of many was impossible to understand unless the ear had been attuned by long custom. In England speech divides classes. The stigma of imperfect speech remains with the Elementary School boy through life and brands him as clearly as the mark of Cain. It is an additional and almost insurmountable obstacle placed before

* In three Church Schools out of the four with which I have been connected the discipline was natural and happy and the working conditions delightful. Three had not been reorganised and one was a Junior School. Only one had more than a hundred and fifty boys.

boys already handicapped by poverty and by the lack of any cultural background in their family life. Employers frequently complain of the ignorance they find in children fresh from school. In one Senior School I had to teach a class of boys of about twelve years of age. Many were unable to write their own names correctly. Others could not read words of more than four letters. Some did not recognise the map of Europe and all were incapable of performing correctly the simplest arithmetical operation. They seemed to have gained nothing at all from the previous seven years' unremitting and costly effort on the part of the State.

I think that one feature which characterises the Elementary School as opposed to other schools dealing with boys of the same age is that the Elementary School child is never asked to make his contribution either to his own advancement or to the common good. He is a passenger. He never does homework of any sort. He arrives at school unprepared by thought or study. He leaves it to loaf in the intellectual desert which is his home. His parents know nothing of his work or conduct in school and resent any suggestion that they should co-operate in helping him along. In the rare event of a parent visiting a school it is usually to make a complaint.

Another characteristic of the Elementary School is the wide prevalence of trumpery stimuli designed to induce interest in school work. Like greyhounds running after a dummy rabbit, the boys are set scampering after a variety of false gods, such as " house " points, cheap electro-plated cups, badges, coloured buttons, and so forth. These things, cautiously and wisely used, may have some slight value. But their general effect seems to be to prepare the boys' minds with fatal efficiency for an after-life of football competitions and the shallow appeal of modern advertising. Work for its own sake, work without fear of punishment or hope of reward, work as an unaided personal struggle, that I never met. Had it existed, even in an attenuated form, had the flame of desire to be, to do and to know ever been kindled, the more deplorable phases of maintaining order would never arise. There is no problem of discipline where conscientious work is being done.

I think, on the whole, that many of these Senior Schools are too large. In a school of three hundred boys, a pupil may never once speak to the headmaster, and even his class master cannot get to know him well, for his sojourn in one class is but six months. To remember one's schoolmaster with gratitude or admiration will certainly never occur to the schoolboy brought up in these conditions. He most probably will be unable to remember him at all. The personal inspiration of a schoolmaster has frequently been of far more value than that of a parent. The removal of such influence leaves the atmosphere of the Elementary School hopeless and sterile. The Board of Education must bear the heaviest part of the responsibility, for all that is done is in obedience to the orders of its inspectors or with their consent.

Elementary Schools are of so numerous and diverse a character that it is impossible to make any useful generalisation that will cover them all. I have therefore limited my remarks to the Senior Schools, which I know best. There may be exceptions, but I have taught in a large number during the last few years and I know of none. In the words of the *Handbook of Suggestions* of the Board of Education :

> It must be admitted that on the intellectual side the ultimate results of Elementary Education often prove somewhat disappointing. That many of the pupils rapidly forget most of the information that they have acquired need not occasion extreme concern. But if, when they leave school, they have lost their early curiosity, if they turn aside from mental effort and put to no profitable use those instruments of knowledge—especially the ability to read and understand English—which they have secured, then the efforts of their teachers have to a large extent been wasted.

Thus, in mellifluous and tepid periods, the Board of Education hints at the spiritual and intellectual bankruptcy of the schools they direct and control.

This spiritual poverty of the State school is due to the material poverty of the State, which is apparently too poor to provide more than one master to forty, fifty or even sixty pupils. The rich, dull boy is not taught in droves of fifty. Has Eton its classes of sixty ?

That part of the boy which can be treated collectively and in the mass is negligible. The other part of him, the only part that matters, cannot be treated at all in a huge class which cuts him off completely from his master. His intimate contacts are thus only those of his home, which, in a poor family, is usually devoid of that religious or cultural zeal which his pastors and masters are anxious and trained to impart and to which he may respond.

In spite of this the poor boy's home is often far more to be praised than the poor boy's barrack school. The Senior School boy, dull and unlettered though he is, may be seen any day, in any park or street, shepherding and guiding his smaller brothers and sisters in obedience to his mother's admonition. His schoolmaster dare not leave him for a moment alone ; discipline would suffer. His parents, however, are often obliged, through their absence at work, to leave him entirely without supervision for lengthy periods, frequently in charge of the younger ones and in an empty house. The State schoolmaster is quite unable to inspire such devotion to duty.

The mass methods which we force the schoolmaster to adopt rob him of that intimate contact with the boy which has ever been the inspiration of master and pupil. No expenditure of public money can compensate for such a loss. I taught recently in a Senior School in a newly built western suburb. The school was equipped with large classrooms, an admirable swimming bath, a large sports ground, extensive gardens, science and music rooms, playgrounds and assembly halls. The place was a den of iniquity. It was in this school that several boys of twelve in my huge class were unable to write their own names. One class had " broken " five masters and the life of the man then in charge was a calvary. Another class was under a " strong " master who had his class " well in hand " ; during the five and a half working hours per day any noise or conversation was ruthlessly suppressed by caning.

The universal reaction of these Senior School boys to our treatment of them is one of profound distaste and resentment. They rebel against our mass methods of external control whenever they get the opportunity. They follow our stupid curriculum for three years and leave us with joy for the realities of paid employment and the education of life. A. PINDAR

INSULTING WORDS AND BEHAVIOUR

THE fifth clause of the Public Order Bill provides that :

> Any person who in any public place or at any public meeting uses threatening, abusive or insulting words or behaviour with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, or whereby a breach of the peace is likely to be occasioned, shall be guilty of an offence.

The clause is in fact, with two important differences, a restating, to apply to the country as a whole, of sub-section 13 of Section 54 of the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839. But the clause in the new Bill includes the words " at any public meeting " not to be found in the Metropolitan Police Act. These extra words will make the clause applicable to speeches and heckling at political gatherings held on private property, as, for example, an Albert Hall meeting. Secondly, the maximum penalty, which was forty shillings under the Metropolitan Police Act, is now raised to fifty pounds fine and/or three months' imprisonment.

The fact, however, that the offence has existed for nearly a hundred years has been used as an argument in the House and in newspapers as politically distinct as the *Star* and the *Sunday Times* to show that no objection should be taken to the extention of the offence to the whole country. In fact, however, some such provision is included in most of the police Acts of the larger towns. In the case of *Wise v. Dunning*, for example, a section in a local Liverpool Act to the same effect as the Metropolitan Police Act was one of the matters

in issue. It seems likely therefore that the Government's object is to increase the penalty rather than the area in which "insulting words and behaviour" are an offence.

On this head practical experience of the Metropolitan Police Act in London shows that it is an offence so difficult to define that a heavier penalty for it is likely to result in considerable injustice.

In theory, in order to convict, two things should be proved, first, that the behaviour or words in question were either threatening, abusive or insulting; and, secondly, when that has been established, that they were either intended to provoke a breach of the peace or that, if they were not so intended, a breach of the peace was in fact likely to be occasioned.

In practice, the magistrate has to rely almost in every case upon police evidence of the likelihood of a breach of the peace and, therefore, it might be supposed that as a check a very stiff definition would be imposed on what constituted threatening, abusive or insulting words or behaviour. In fact, this is not so; many magistrates presume that, if the police satisfy them that certain conduct or words were likely to cause a breach of the peace, then that conduct or these words were threatening, abusive or insulting.

A practical example of the working out of the offence was the conviction and the imposition of the maximum penalty on persons who, on the occasion of the Anglo-German football match, handed leaflets to the German visitors. It was admitted by the police that the leaflets were distributed in an orderly way, that there was no breach of the peace and that no violence was threatened by anyone.

The following translation of the pamphlet in question, addressed to "Sportsmen Friends from Germany," shows what may be interpreted judicially as insulting words:

We greet this opportunity of getting to know you.

We believe, as you do, that sport should be a medium for furthering international friendship.

In England there are many free sports organisations, just as there were in Germany before 1933. We know, however, that in Germany of to-day all free organisations have been dissolved. There are now only Nazi organisations left. Sportsmen, musicians, intellectuals, etc., have been and still are persecuted and imprisoned.

We know that in Germany the great mass of the people are fighting against a system which destroys sport and culture and threatens civilisation.

We know that in your country the truth is completely suppressed and that the whole German press is only allowed to publish the lies and propaganda of the Nazi Government and Party.

We want, as you do, a free sport, a free unconstrained culture.

We in England are fighting for the release of the imprisoned sportsmen and other anti-Fascists and also of the leader of the German workers, Ernst Thaelmann, who, though innocent, has languished for two and a half years in a Fascist jail.

We believe that you, too, will be able to see a great and free Germany, where money will not be spent on bombing planes, cannons and tanks, but on better living conditions for the working class.

Your leaders say to you that the Jews and the Communists are to blame. You know, however, that in fact the capitalist system is to blame for the impoverishment of the people, and that your leaders imprison and persecute only the best fighters against this system.

So go back home with the comradely greetings of the English working class and know that the English people are with you in your fight for a free democratic Germany and against Hitler, the tool of large-scale capital.

Efforts have been made by the police to stretch the interpretation even further. Certain persons previous to last year's Hendon Air Display posted bills reading:

Air Pageant To-day. Death and Destruction To-morrow.
Gas Masks, Black-Outs, A Trebled R.A.F.
These are no protection.
IF YOU WANT PEACE FIGHT AGAINST
ALL WAR PREPARATIONS NOW.
Down with the National Government!

They were immediately arrested and charged with insulting behaviour.

Similarly, on another occasion, the City Police arrested for insulting behaviour a newsboy who was selling the *Daily Worker* on the ground that the contents of that paper were insulting to persons arriving at, or watching others arrive at, a near-by City banquet.

It is true that in these two cases those arrested were acquitted. But the fact that "insulting words and behaviour" gave the police an opportunity to arrest them meant that they in fact spent the night in the cells and were effectively prevented from carrying out legitimate political propaganda.

Before the Public Order Bill is finally passed into law it is essential that the insulting words and behaviour clause is either omitted altogether or the offence much more strictly defined.

BARRISTER

SALUTE!

IT is reported from the Argentine that a "democratic salute" has been invented there. The salute consists in raising both hands joined above the head. This is said to symbolise opposition alike to Fascism and to Communism. I should have thought myself that a still better salute would have been the hands-up of surrender. If men got accustomed to surrender to each other in time of peace, they would be much less likely ever to have to surrender in war. For war would be extremely improbable on a planet on which everybody was constantly professing his readiness to surrender to everybody else. Universal mutual surrender—what more honourable ideal could be set before the nations? Initiate this, and we shall have a world fit for children to grow up in. The new spirit, of course, would not apply to cricket and football. Even here, however, I think it would not be a bad thing if both teams lined up before and after the match and exchanged gestures of mutual surrender. It would remind the players if only for a brief moment that *sub specie aeternitatis* even cricket or football is only a game.

As for the new democratic salute, it seems to me to be too like gymnastic exercises to be suitable for universal use. We who are middle-aged and stiffening in the joints should find it an arduous business going about the streets if every time we met a friend we had to perform a kind of strenuous physical jerks. Of course, if the Argentine Government, like the British, is set on improving the physical fitness of the nation, the middle-aged and stiff must be prepared to suffer. But if physical fitness is to be taken into account in devising the ideal salute, would it not be much better if, when two friends met in the street, each had to stoop and, without bending his knees, touch his toes with his fingers? There is something to be said, indeed, for a still more health-giving salute which would consist in lying on the back on the pavement and making circular movements in the air with the legs. A few months of this, and there would be scarcely a corpulent stockbroker left in the City.

It may be thought that salutations of this kind would bring the custom of saluting into ridicule. But this is not so. As Isaac Disraeli points out in his *Curiosities of Literature*, many of the present salutations of the human race are "incommodious and painful." "It requires," he declares, "great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the straits of The Sound. Houtman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: 'They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over the face.'" If this sort of thing were general in Europe, we should all have to take a course of Delsarte in order to acquire the necessary suppleness. Take, again, a popular form of salute in the Philippine Islands. "The inhabitants of the Philippines use a more complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knees bent." I have done my best to imagine what a Filipino looks like when he is doing this, but I cannot. But I have no doubt the exercise is a great aid to the perfection of the human form.

We Europeans think we are being very polite when we expose our heads, however bald, in all their nakedness in the presence of a lady. Other tribes, possibly as intelligent as ourselves, laugh at such capital nudity as ridiculous and even lacking in politeness. Historians tell us of the Great Shoe

Question that agitated Burma in the last century when men were bitterly divided over the knotty point whether foreigners should be compelled to take off, not their hats, but their shoes, when entering the royal presence. It all depends, indeed, on what part of the world you are in whether you are greeted with the stern command, "Take off your hat," or "Take off your shoes." It is more or less a geographical—or, perhaps, a theological—accident that at a Buckingham Palace garden party all the male guests do not solemnly take off their shoes instead of their hats when the King appears. I remember how more than forty years ago an Irish M.P. in Cork had his hat knocked off because he would not remove it while "God Save the Queen" was being played. This, it seems to me, is evidence of the superiority of the hat to the shoe for use on ceremonial occasions: it is more convenient for knocking-off purposes. If shoe-removing instead of hat-removing had been the local sign of politeness, it would have been necessary to knock the M.P. down and hold his legs in order to get his shoes off. As it was, this trivial incident excited an Empire. Hundreds of pounds were spent in telegraphing an account of it to every far-flung newspaper office on those parts of the map that are painted red. If somebody's shoes had been torn off for an act of disrespect in a Mohammedan country, we should have thought it rather funny. Knocking off a hat in a Christian country, however, was hailed as an act of justice and a triumph of civilisation over barbarism. Our own particular salutes have something of the sacredness of taboos.

The head and the feet, however, are not the only parts of the body that are bared in the interests of politeness. The people of Arracan who will take off their sandals to you in the street, will also take off their stockings to you in the house. "An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his waist, so that he leaves his friend half-naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms: sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence." Again, we are told that "Polynesian or African chiefs require more or less stripping, such as the uncovering to the waist which Captain Cook describes in Tahiti." How fortunate that this practice does not prevail in London! It would be inconvenient if when going to dine with a publisher—who, I take it, is the English equivalent of a Polynesian or African chief—one had to remove, not only one's hat and overcoat, but one's dress coat, waistcoat, boiled shirt, and vest in the hall. In time, however, we should no doubt get used to it, and even come to think that a man who appeared at a party in a coat with inhuman tails looked perfectly silly.

I myself, indeed, prefer several of the salutations common among the lesser breeds to those that are usual in Europe. There is much, for example, to be said for the Negro custom of pulling the fingers till they crack. Unlike the Nazi salute, it makes for good nature. I have never been able to dislike anybody who could make his fingers crack. It is also a valuable osteopathic exercise. How pleasant a spectacle is conjured up in the sentence: "When two Negro monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger"! This seems to me a much more endearing form of salutation than that prevalent among the Franks who tore hair from their heads and presented it to you. Well meant, I agree, but awkward for the receiver of the courtesy. Yet the custom may have had the same origin as the old-fashioned English custom of giving a lock of hair to the beloved. A Frank would probably have understood perfectly well the spirit of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnet, which begins:

> I never gave a lock of hair away
> To a man, dearest, except this to thee.

Possibly, some scholar will one day find among the remains of Frankish literature a noble piece of verse bearing some such title as: "Sonnet on Receiving a Handful of Hair from a Passing Stranger." But did the supply of hair never give out in those days? Or was it because it did that that men took to plucking each other's beards?

Rubbing noses and putting leaves on the head are to my mind more commendable forms of salutations. But the best of all salutes seems to me to be a matter not of gestures but of words. This is the salute of the Basutos who, when they meet their chiefs, cry: "Tama sevata!" the English translation of which is: "Greeting, wild beast!" If there is one salutation that more than another deserves to be imported from Africa into Europe, it is surely this. How excellently it fits the mood of the hour, when so large a part of the civilised world has found renovation in the politics of the jungle! Why not have cave-man salutations in a cave-man world? "Greeting, wild beast!"—does it not stir the heart like a trumpet? How feeble in comparison seem those Argentinian arm-liftings! "Greeting, wild beast!" It is a salutation for heroes. Y. Y.

Correspondence

ITALIAN SUBMARINES

SIR,—Having just returned from Italy, I was not surprised to read the official denial from Rome of the Italian nationality of the submarines which appeared at Cartagena this week and d'd some damage there.

In Rome, a fortnight ago, it was being quite openly discussed that many Italian submarines at Gaeta (the naval port between Rome and Naples) were being "painted with Franco's colours," or, more correctly, were having all signs of their Italian nationality painted out. One supposes that these submarines, like so much that Germany and Italy are supplying to Franco, are sent on credit. If Franco does not win he cannot pay; and one wonders whether the so untimely recognition by Hitler and Mussolini that he got last week was a forlorn attempt to give him the "right" to pay with the Spanish Government's gold in Paris.

Another fact that seemed to be taken for granted in Rome was the frequent flight of Italian bombing 'planes from Terracina (just south of Rome) direct to Catalonia and back. I was not able to verify this; it was simply being passed round as news. That weekly reinforcements leave Sardinia for the Italian air base in Mallorca is now common knowledge in Italy and outside.

What does seem new in the situation is the statement from Rome that Italy will only give "moral support" to Franco in the Mediterranean. This is perhaps all that Mr. Eden achieved in his recent talks with Signor Grandi; but it has come after and not before the gift of submarines. It now remains to be seen what sort of harm these submarines will do. They will probably sink the wrong ship.

Is British diplomacy so weak now that it could not even prevent by agreement the delivery of these submarines? Or is it the old story of Abyssinian days, "We didn't know"? The Foreign Office knew about Abyssinia in 1934; it must have known about these submarines long before an ordinary tourist would know. What is one to believe except that the National Government really wants Franco to win, wants wars of aggression to succeed, if only it can be left in "peace"? There is a tiredness about British foreign policy, an unawareness of detail, that is distressing and dangerous to those of us who can still travel and observe what is happening in Europe. TRAVELLER

"WHICH WAY TO PEACE?"

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Jonathan Griffin in your issue of November 14th raises an important question which deserves to be considered in no controversial spirit. He advocates what he calls "defence without menace." If this were feasible, I should not, on pacifist grounds, have anything to say against it. On the subject of food supply, in particular, "Which Way to Peace?" contains suggestions which go even farther than those of Mr. Griffin. But I am afraid what can be done in this way is very limited. "Bomb-proof architecture," for instance, involves—so the Government asserts—a quite prohibitive expenditure, which even total disarmament would not enable us to support. Nor does it seem probable that anti-aircraft batteries can protect a large area such as that of London. They can make it impossible to aim accurately at a small objective, such as, say, Downing Street; but even from a height of 20,000 feet it is easy to hit London, and exact aim becomes unimportant when gas and thermite bombs

are used. It is impossible to say what defences against air attack may hereafter be discovered, but at present, as Mr. Baldwin has said, no adequate defence is possible. There is, moreover, an important psychological argument: what is making this country peaceable is fear of attack, and if that were removed Mr. Griffin would find less support than at present for his purely defensive policy. And there is always a danger—a very real one, as the Home Office circulars have shown—that the authorities may lull the civilian population into a false sense of security as to defensive possibilities.

Mr. Griffin accuses me of sophistry is saying that "whatever weakens one side diminishes its will to war as much as it increases that on the other side; on the balance, therefore, it has no more tendency towards war than towards peace." Yet there is a recent and important example of the truth of this: when the Germans marched into the Rhineland there can be little doubt that the French would have wished to fight if they could have counted on our support.

As for Denmark, I spoke, when in that country last year, with people of all shades of political opinion, and met none who regarded forcible resistance to Germany as possible. This is only to say that the Danes recognise obvious facts.

The statement that my book may "drive people in despair towards Fascism" is curious and unintelligible. Why should the realisation of the evils of war make people adopt the most warlike creed now in existence? Why should the view that there are better ways than war for fighting Fascism make people Fascists? Only if we suppose that, at all costs, they are determined to have a war, and will have it for a bad object if they cannot deceive themselves into thinking that they can have it for a good one. Is this Mr. Griffin's view? BERTRAND RUSSELL

Telegraph House,
Harting, Petersfield.

APPALLING FRANKNESS

SIR,—"Critic" in his "London Diary" last week was most unfair to the Prime Minister. In stating that Mr. Baldwin admitted in his recent speech that he deceived the country because he would not have been returned if he had not, he is guilty of glaring misrepresentation. Any fair-minded man reading the official report will agree with me. As Mr. Baldwin pointed out, the Government in 1933-4 were still struggling to induce the nations of Europe to follow our lead in the way of disarmament. The Peace Ballot had shown the overwhelming desire of the British people for peace and disarmament. What would the people have thought of our Government if they had chosen that time to launch a programme of rearmament and what would THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have said about them? I have no hesitation in saying that any such action would have split the National Party, both in Parliament and in the country, into pieces, and brought disaster to all our efforts to improve trade and commerce and reduce unemployment.

The Prime Minister and the Government were fully justified, therefore, in holding their hand until they were absolutely convinced that International Disarmament was hopeless. By his wise statesmanship the Prime Minister has now secured practically unanimous support for the Government's rearmament policy and has proved to the world that Britain can sink minor differences and act together in a national emergency. JOSEPH A. LECKIE

House of Commons.

[Critic's reply to this letter appears in his "London Diary" this week. We agree that this journal would have fought a programme of rearmament before the election. But that is not the point. Mr. Baldwin's "appalling frankness" lay in his statement that he did not put forward his real views before the country, because "I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FARM BOARDS

SIR,—In his article on "The Farm Boards—Facts and Fancies," which appeared in your last issue, Mr. L. F. Easterbrook asserted that critics had been guilty of deliberate misrepresentation, such as the calumny that the Boards are "restricting production." He then went on to say that it is amazing that such statements can be publicly made.

Has Mr. Easterbrook ever heard of the Hops Scheme, under which there is a statutory limitation of hop growing to those already engaged in the industry? In July, 1934, selling quotas based on producers' average production for the years 1928 to 1932 were granted for five years ending July 31st, 1939. The purpose of this scheme cannot be better expressed than in the words of that ingenuous peer, Lord Wolmer. "At the present moment farmers are scratching their heads to know what crop they can grow which is going to give them a profit. They see that the Hops Board has been able to sell hops at a figure which gives an efficient farmer a fair return, and therefore any man who has land suitable for hops and knows anything about growing hops will be very tempted to grow hops." In my view a scheme which enjoins potential producers to go and scratch their heads somewhere else savours of restriction of production.

Why did not Mr. Easterbrook mention that a fine of £5 per acre is imposed on all extensions of potato growing? Now, this is a perverse world, and it is quite possible that persons who never dreamed of potato growing would be attracted into the occupation by such a penalty. It is quite possible that if Mr. Easterbrook had to pay a fine for exceeding his ordinary output of articles he would write more than he does. Personally I should be put off my stroke, and I imagine that the majority of persons would take the hint. Next to a rigid monopoly such as the hops scheme the potato device seems to be the best method of restricting production. On the question of imported potatoes I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Easterbrook reconciles his last paragraph with his earlier charge against malignant critics. He admits that the Board could have made, but did not make, a magnificent gesture to the consumers by welcoming the lifting of the duties in the public interest. If this is not accusing the Board of restricting supplies, what does it mean?

Mr. Easterbrook is welcome to make what he can of that sorry business, the Milk Board. He says that it has failed to give anyone the impression that it was striving very ardently to sell cheaper milk, and I thank him for that magnificent euphemism. Mr. Easterbrook must be well aware that quotas on milk production have been frequently urged as the only way out of the present muddle. I do not know what has happened to the proposed scheme for milk products, but I do know that it provided for a penalty of £100, plus half the price of the products sold, on any sales in excess of the quotas.

In December, 1935, the Bacon Development Board refused thirty-eight applications for licences to open bacon curing factories. This may not have stopped any bacon from being cured, but, as Mr. Easterbrook would put it, it did not give the impression of ardent encouragement. There must be something singularly disarming about agricultural schemes which induces their advocates to believe that more of anything will be consumed at 7*d.* a quart than at 5*d.* a quart. The toughs who run industrial schemes are under no such illusion. A tin scheme is called a tin restriction scheme and a copper scheme a copper restriction scheme. The ban was put on the Jarrow works because it meant additional supplies of steel on the market. As a result a few poor devils have nothing to do but march about in the rain, but somebody is sitting pretty. G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.2.

THE PUBLIC ORDER BILL

SIR,—In the name of the Haldane Club, I crave the hospitality of your columns for the purpose of bringing to the notice of your readers certain observations on the Public Order Bill now before Parliament.

It will hardly be disputed that the purpose of this measure is to safeguard democratic liberty against the inroads of forces making for dictatorship. The method chosen is that of giving power to the Executive to dispel such forces before they have had an opportunity of gathering too much strength.

All parties have agreed to the measure in principle, and it is on that basis that we direct our criticism to a number of its provisions which seem to us to tend rather to defeat than to promote the very object in view.

The attainment of dictatorship by the threat of violence will not be overcome by opening the way for its attainment by constitutional means.

The Bill as it stands invests the Executive with tremendous powers. In their hands is to be the entire discretion to make occasional exceptions to the prohibition of uniforms, without any limit to the number or nature of the occasions. Any person may, on the other hand, be charged with the offence of wearing a uniform, and may thereafter be indefinitely remanded in custody while he is to await the pleasure of the Executive to determine whether or not such charge is to be proceeded with. Any kind of association, however loosely organised, any procession, any

demonstration, looking as though it were intended to present a "display of force in promoting any political object" is to be exposed at the instance of the Executive to the punishment of its leaders in the criminal courts and to be condemned unheard and indefinitely pending inquiry, to summary interference in the civil courts with its right to dispose of its own property. The law of evidence is moreover to be weighted against the suspects by permitting the courts to lend an ear to the indiscretions of their wilder brethren, or, indeed, to the mischievous acts and utterances of agents provocateurs.

The Executive will further acquire the sole discretion in determining what processions may be held, and where and in what circumstances (if at all) such processions may be conducted; and in the Metropolitan Police Area there is to be no check whatever on their power to ban altogether any procession, discriminating as they may think fit.

Finally, power is to be given to the Executive to co-operate, at their entire discretion, with the partisans of any cause in effectively preventing all heckling, and by officially putting them into possession of the names and addresses of interrupters, of affording to such partisans the information most apt to promote the cause of terrorism and victimisation.

Is it not very plain that such a measure, in the hands of an Executive holding extreme views, could without difficulty be applied so as to suppress all freedom of opposition? Is not such a measure ideal for securing the return to power, under the forms of democracy, of a Government bent upon rule by dictatorship?

These questions are grave and they are very urgent. Much evil may be prevented by the timely restraint of organising for the violent overthrow of liberty. But in the imposition of such restraint it is of first importance to count the cost; and the one price that must never be paid is the price of liberty itself.

The function of the Executive is to administer the law. This measure would confer upon it the additional function, in vital cases, of determining the law. It is at that point that vigilance becomes essential. The last word must never be left with the Executive. Only by preserving the right of the subject to appeal to the courts, can there be any safeguard against the unlimited resort to deliberate suppression by the party in power of all but what it chooses to regard as healthy opposition.

It is therefore to be hoped that the consensus of public opinion which stands behind the principle of this Bill will also be roused to temper its terms so as to bring it into conformity with the true purposes of democracy, and prevent the last state from being worse than the first.

HAROLD PATON
Secretary of the Haldane Club.

5 King's Bench Walk,
Temple, E.C.4.

SIR,—In his letter on the above subject, Sir W. S. Holdsworth says:

> I think that the fact that the prohibition of processions in a particular area is dependent upon the assent of the council of the area—upon the assent, that is, of an elected and representative body—is a safeguard that that power will not be abused.

He has failed to notice that this safeguard is specifically refused to the great area—the Metropolitan Police District—where such questions are likely most often to arise; the one area, moreover, where (except in the City of London) the police are under the direct control of the central government

CHARLES STURGE

51 Dartmouth Park Hill,
N.W.5.

SIR,—The Holborn Peace Council has given some consideration to the Public Order Bill which is at present before the House of Commons. With some of its provisions we, as a Peace Council, are not concerned. With others, notably those which prohibit the carrying of offensive weapons and ban the use of political uniforms, we are in complete agreement. But it is our belief that men and women have the right to express themselves freely upon the necessity and justice of a war in which they will be called upon to fight. We find that by sections 3, 5 and 6 of the Public Order Bill this right would be seriously curtailed.

By section 3 for instance a procession of members of a peace society could be diverted or banned altogether by a decision of the Commissioner of Police and with the approval of the Home Secretary. How this would operate in practice may be judged from an incident only a few days ago. The Barking Peace Council had arranged to hold a Torchlight Peace Pageant on Saturday, November 14th. The police had been informed a month in advance and had in fact helped to decide upon a route. At midnight on the Friday before the pageant the organisers were informed that the police had decided that the pageant could not be held. After much negotiation lasting well into Saturday, the day of the pageant, the police, after suggesting that it should be postponed for a month, finally consented to allow the pageant to be held at 9 o'clock instead of 7, with what result may be imagined. If this is the attitude of the police now, what is the peace movement to expect should they be granted the increased powers over processions which the new Bill provides?

In considering how the Bill is likely to be applied we should not lose sight of the fact that naval and military men hold most of the positions of authority in the police force. The events at Duxford and Hendon hardly lead one to expect that these officers will hesitate to use to the full any powers which Parliament may give them to curb the activity of the peace movement, whether intended by Parliament for that purpose or not. The Holborn Peace Council considers that the Public Order Bill in its present form would place dangerously wide powers in the hands of the executive. The Council is by no means satisfied that these powers once given would not be used to restrict the expression of views by those who are earnestly working for the preservation of peace and the staving off of war.

W. C. ROBERTS

Holborn Peace Council, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

POLICY IN ADVERTISING

SIR,—The enclosed advertisement of John Langdon-Davies' book *Behind the Spanish Barricades* just published by Secker and Warburg was refused by *The Observer* half an hour before press time, although it was accepted by the *Sunday Times*, *Spectator*, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and other journals. The grounds for its refusal were stated to be that the paper could "not take payment for an advertisement of this extreme character." It may have been only a coincidence that the final chapter of the book contains a scathing attack on the Spanish policy of Mr. J. L. Garvin, as expressed frequently in *The Observer*. Such censorship of advertisements seems to us to involve a grave interference with British ideas of civil liberties and democratic institutions.

MARTIN SECKER AND WARBURG, LTD.

22, Essex Street,
London, W.C.2

[The advertisement referred to is a duplicate of that which appeared last week in this journal (p. 823).—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

NAZI PROPAGANDA IN ENGLISH PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

SIR,—Having a grandson in an English preparatory school, I have read with considerable interest and more surprise a six-column article with the title "Freundschaft," published in the November number of the *Preparatory Schools Review*, which is the organ of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools.

The article begins by stressing the importance of promoting international friendship by means of inter-school exchanges, and refers especially to the new German public schools (*Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalte*) which, it is well known, have a political character. The title suggests that they may be training schools for Nazi propagandists. The writer of the article in the *Preparatory Schools Review*, who signs "E. K. M.," says that there are at present twelve National Political Educational Establishments "scattered throughout Germany with numbers varying between two and four hundred boys." He continues:

> Life in these schools, although in some respects more rigid than in their English prototypes, is largely modelled on them, with, of course, a super-structure of National Socialist creation . . . For anyone, young or old, who wishes to gain a reliable insight and understanding of the Germany of to-day no better location could be found. Of course, visits to such a school must be carried out in an atmosphere of sympathy and understanding for the peculiar problems which Germany has had to face. National Socialist ceremonial should be conformed to as an act of courtesy, and not (as has too often been the case in the past) sniggered at.

One would like to know where the English "Political Educational Establishments" are to be found, and whether, in the opinion of E. K. M., the German treatment of "non-Aryans" is among the "peculiar problems" deserving our sympathy. E. K. M. goes on:

> As the age of entry into these schools is lower than that prevailing in English boarding schools, I conceived the idea of inviting two boys of thirteen to visit my school, and in return received an open invitation to bring over as many of my boys as I liked. The exchange

in this instance was effected with the Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalte, Naumburg, Saale, one of the largest of the Napolas, as I myself had already been privileged to serve under the Anstaltsleiter (Headmaster) when he was at Stuhm the previous year.

It is a pity that E. K. M. does not give the name of the Anstaltsleiter. It would be interesting to know something about his past career and his academic or other qualifications for his present post. The article states that:

> Owing partly to the boys' own personality, but also, I think, to the growing realisation in this country that Germany and England have so much in common, despite superficial differences of temperament and the unending stream of poison propaganda which emanates from various sections of our Press, the response to my suggestion of a return visit was amazing.

Later in the article E. K. M. writes that "the whole undertaking had been one of great happiness and permanent value," but one reads between the lines of the article that the boys or some of them were less enthusiastic than their *Zügführer*. They appear, however, to have had a great many jaunts, and one cannot help wondering whether the German Ministry of Propaganda did not contribute to the expenses. E. K. M. makes the cryptic remark that "if anything was lacking to make the venture utterly worth while, it materialised when our Official Report came to hand a few days after our return." One would like to see that report. Who drafted it and from where did it come to hand? My last quotation from E. K. M. is as follows:

> As the direct result of our experience I feel convinced that there is a unique field of opportunity open to preparatory schools in following up this pioneer visit, especially now that the destinies of our Association are gradually coming under the control of the younger and more progressive section of its membership.

This suggests that the "younger and more progressive" members of the Association are Nazi propagandists. If that be so, it will be necessary to choose a preparatory school with extreme caution, but for my part I doubt it. At the end of the article is the following editorial note:

> The writer of this article will be very glad to supply any headmaster who seriously contemplates making an exchange of this type with full details as to costs, procedure, etc., and to put him in touch with the German authorities controlling these schools.

The publication of this puff in the official organ of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools seems to me to be a scandal. It is particularly surprising in view of the fact that in a report of a meeting of the Council of the Association held on June 30th, which appears on pages 262–3 of the same number of the review, it is said that "a scheme for a visit of preparatory school boys to Canada during the summer holidays was brought forward, but met with no support, the general view being that boys of this age were too young to profit by such a visit and were better at home with their families." This is undoubtedly a wise view, and one would like to know what the members of the Council think about the appearance of this article in their official organ. In Canada the boys would at least not be exposed to Nazi propaganda nor obliged to say "Heil Hitler!" ROBERT DELL

Geneva.

Mr. WAUGH

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. David Garnett's review of my book, *Waugh in Abyssinia*, in your issue of the 7th, in which he contrasts me with a Danish Mohammedan, whom he admires, who got into difficulties through crossing frontiers without the proper facilities and was finally murdered by his co-religionists as soon as he left European-protected country. Mr. Garnett says I am the opposite of this man in every possible respect. I hope I am. But in the preceding sentence Mr. Garnett describes his hero as "generous-hearted, straightforward and brave." I take it that I am mean, shifty and cowardly. Surely Mr. Garnett, who does not know me, is allowing political excitement to move him beyond the decencies of literary criticism? EVELYN WAUGH

The St. James' Club.

MEN *VERSUS* METAL

SIR,—One sentence from the current number of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, given true inference, would surely settle our attitude to modern war for good and all. It is this:—

"The Government are superior in man power; if they are beaten it will be by sheer weight of metal."

That sentence reveals the inherent difference between modern war and all that hitherto has been known as war. It shows that the real antagonists in any modern war are only apparently men of one faith and men of another, but are really live men and dead weight of metal; and the hopeless insanity of modern war is plain when we discover that it is the opposition of "men" to "metal."

This is what the mechanisation of war means. It means that men no longer fight one another, but that the men of both sides fight against the most ably equipped machines of mechanical destruction the mind of man can invent.

I suggest that such a fight is neither sense nor "defence," "manhood" or "patriotism," but stark, staring, suicidal insanity from which, as men, it behoves us to abstain.

12 Woodside, MAX PLOWMAN

Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

BRINGING PEACE

SIR,—It does seem a little unfair not to pay more attention to Herr von Ribbentrop's views on peace. After all, he is an authority on peace, as is conclusively proved by the closing lines of a play he has written. They are:

> Zum Sieg und Frieden und zum neuen Krieg,
> So ewiger Kampf, seit Menschen dieser Erde
> Dich untertan gemacht, bis sie einst scheiden.
> Der letze Kämpfer ist der letzte Mensch.
> Wenn 60 Millionen nur den einen Willen haben:
> Fanatisch national zu sein,—
> Aus der Faust werden ihnen die Waffen herausquellen.
>
> Victory and Peace, then War again,
> So it has been since man has been
> So will it be till men have ceased to be;
> The last fighter is the last man.
> When only 60 millions have one will
> To be fanatically national—
> The weapons will spring into their hands.

Of course, there are others more competent to translate it. But it is interesting to note that fanatical nationalism is one of the ingredients for Peace pudding; the Great War, obviously, was the direct outcome of peace propaganda. D. B.

Maida Vale, W.9.

Miscellany

"GATECRASHERS" OF THE ANIMAL WORLD

THAT ubiquitous annoyance, the "gatecrasher" is no human monopoly since he is known in every quarter of the wild. Classic examples in the animal world are afforded by certain animals that inflict themselves upon the Prairie Marmot's troublesome menage. At the London Zoo and at Whipsnade, the marmot's burrow is his castle, but on his native plains in Central America, his home is anything but a haven. Old natural history books represent the burrowing owl and rattlesnake living with the marmot in a state of Arcadian bliss—a Utopia of the plains. Unsentimental observers have, however, of recent years drawn an entirely different picture. The owl and the rattlesnake certainly share the shelter of the marmot's snug retreat—but from ulterior motives. The owl does not scruple to help itself to the young marmots or snakes by way of varying its normal menu, whilst the snake, holding the trump cards in its poison fangs, retaliates by helping itself to the young of both the bird and the rodent. The marmot's lodgers sometimes make their vegetarian host's life so burdensome that he is obliged to move and make a home elsewhere until in time the latter in turn is invaded by unwelcome guests.

No more curious instance of the uninvited guest can be cited perhaps than that associated with the hermit crab that lives inside a discarded whelk or winkle shell. The crab is a voracious and wasteful feeder, dining all round the clock with only brief intervals for rest. Since a large percentage of the sea's populace hunts by scent, the fame of the crab's

abundant table soon spreads afar and attracts a host of uninvited guests, legions of hydroids, acorn barnacles, oysters, etc., taking up residence upon the shell and sometimes doubling its weight. Invariably also there comes upon the scene a parasite anemone which may measure four to five inches high by one and a half inches across. It helps itself generously to such scraps as fall from the crab's table and with its stinging cells no doubt offers some protection by keeping hungry fish at a distance. In addition to all these hangers-on, the shell frequently harbours a sea worm some six inches long which ensconces itself in the enormous whorls of the shell behind the crab and when food is in evidence, comes down to dinner, creeping beneath its host and taking the food out of his very jaws.

The " Cuckoo in the Nest " is one of the most brazen of all gatecrashers, since the animal murders the family of its host. Different is the cattle egret which obtrudes itself on all hoofed animals with complete disregard for their size or ferocity and confers a real benefit in ridding them of insect pests. Welcome, if uninvited, guests also are the tropical starlings which attach themselves to rhinoceroses and crocodiles, actually venturing into the open mouths of the latter in order to get at the various ticks, etc., infesting their gums. Rhinoceros birds have been known since the dawn of man and are depicted in many cave paintings and early bone carvings sitting by the score upon the rhino's back.

Another " gatecrasher " known from antiquity is the remorra or shark-sucker, which has the dorsal fin converted into an adhesive disc, by means of which it attaches itself to floating objects such as ships, turtles, sharks or very large fishes. It is thus carried from place to place, enjoying, in consequence a variety of feeding grounds. In some parts of the West Indies it is used by fishermen to catch turtles. When a turtle is sighted, the remorra is merely put over the side attached to a strong line, and having attached itself to the reptile, the two are quickly drawn aboard.

Many fishes avail themselves of the protection afforded by a variety of creatures. Thus, certain little coral-fish of the Barrier Reef hide themselves within the gastric cavity of a huge sea anemone, always seeking this strange retreat when danger threatens and apparently enjoying the protection of their host's stinging cells whilst themselves suffering no inconvenience. Those exhibited in the Aquarium at Regent's Park are obtained as the result of the diving feats of the natives, the fish being caught by the simple process of a diver detaching the anemone from its rocky anchorage and bringing it with the fish it contains to the surface. Other fish similarly : the young of our native horse mackerel habitually find sanctuary under the extensive disc of a large jellyfish, whilst in the Mediterranean there exists a small attenuated fish which invariably takes refuge inside a large sea cucumber, entering and leaving the invertebrate daily.

Another remarkable gatecrasher amongst fishes is the little bitterling common in Central European lakes and rivers. The female bitterling, by means of a long ovipositer, inserts her numerous eggs within the inhalant siphon of a large mussel, where they are automatically drawn into the mollusc's mantle cavity. Here the eggs are hatched and the young remain until old enough to venture forth and fend for themselves. This is not so one-sided a bargain as might at first appear, for the mussel ejects its ova and frequently vast quantities of these, attaching themselves to the bitterling, become encysted in its skin where they stay and the young mussels remain until almost fully developed.

No branch of the animal kingdom is so rife with uninvited guests of every degree as is the insect world. That paragon of industry and thrift—the ant—is of all animals the most imposed upon, since over two hundred kinds of " gatecrashers " are known to invade its nests, stealing carefully gathered food with brazen impunity. One insect, the thrips or " silver fish," actually waits until a worker is handing food to a young grub, when he intercepts the morsel and runs away at lightning speed. Others rely on more subtle means of imposture. Like the human " crasher " who arrived at the party in immaculate evening dress, they likewise dress for the part and so perfectly resemble the ants upon which they prey in both form and colouring as to pass unchallenged as part of the colony's personnel. Whilst many such " gatecrashers " pay for their parasitic habits by the loss of limbs or mobility, as in the case of various worms and certain degenerate crustaceans, this is not by any means invariable. Like the human who lives by his wits, the " gatecrasher " of the wild frequently displays a remarkable resource and agility, reaping where others have sown, with the minimum of effort. E. G. BOULENGER

BRITISH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

THE company which is at present giving a short opera season at Covent Garden with Mr. Vladimir Rosing as producer and Mr. Albert Coates as conductor, describes itself as the " British Music Drama Opera Company," and the reason for this clumsy designation lies apparently in Mr. Rosing's wish to emphasise his conception that the dramatic element in operatic performances is, as a rule, inadequately represented. No doubt the majority of operatic performances in this country—always with the exception of the Busch-Ebert productions at Glyndebourne—are given on the rather stereotyped conventional lines of the nineteenth century, and there is certainly much room for improvement. In opera the musical and dramatic elements are or should be fused together, and to perform operas as if they were cantatas is to limit their expression ; but the recognition of this fact is only the beginning of the task and does not in itself enable a producer to carry out successfully what he preaches. There is an extraordinary notion widely prevalent to-day that there is no such thing as talent, but only right or wrong theories. According to this notion all that is necessary is to set your feet in the right path

(the rightness of the path being decided on political grounds, i.e., by membership of the right artistic party according to the fashion of the moment) and then automatically the feet without any further assistance from the brain will take you inevitably to your goal. Those who share this naive belief may see at Covent Garden the demonstration that in spite of Mr. Rosing's correct theory (if I have expressed it correctly) there is very little to distinguish his productions so far favourably from many others. One of his most vivid effects was to have a sudden semi-black-out in the Kremlin scene of *Boris Godounov*, leaving the Tsar Boris silhouetted for his soliloquy. Now the reason for this is quite obvious. The Tsar's remarks are addressed to himself rather than to the cheering populace, and this device makes that fact dramatically clear; unfortunately, it affords an example of the trickiness of the theatrical form because it defeats its own end by drawing too much attention to itself as an obvious stage device. Not only inventiveness but extraordinary tact is needed in theatrical production, and this applies especially to opera where we are generally dealing with serious works of art and not with the topical entertainments of the ordinary theatre, which in their artistic nullity will stand much knocking about. Nevertheless, there was a certain liveliness and freshness about Mr. Rosing's productions which are heartily to be commended.

The weakest part of these British Opera-Music Drama productions has been the singing of the principals. This is always the case with British opera. When we are told of the high proportion of British labour which goes into Covent Garden opera, far exceeding that of the foreigners employed, we can always indulge in a hearty laugh, because this high percentage is got by counting chorus, orchestra, supers (and why not audience?) all of whom are truly British to the backbone, but the half-dozen principals upon whom the whole thing hangs, upon whose ability all this imposing array depends, are not British, because having no National or Municipal Opera Houses in the whole of the British Empire there is nowhere for these principals to get the training which their colleagues in Italy, Germany, Austria and Russia get.

We ought to be surprised, therefore, that Mr. Harold Williams, for example, could make such a good show in the part of Boris as he did. His voice is not robust enough for the part, but he was one of the few members of the cast who did sing and whose every word could be heard distinctly, so that the audience could have no doubt that the British Opera Company was singing in English. Miss Elizabeth French's performance as Feodor convinced one that the opera was being *acted* in English as well.

The first performance on the third night of the season of Mr. Albert Coates's opera, *Pickwick*, was produced with an efficiency and absence of hitch that are extremely creditable to Mr. Rosing. The setting and costumes by Aubrey Hammond were very well done, although I do not think Mr. Pickwick's appearance was very successful. Mr. Coates has made his own selection and arrangement of the text, sticking very closely to Dickens's words. The libretto has merits and its scenes though brief are well chosen, and this resulted in the audience showing more interest in the opera than its musical side by itself is likely to have aroused. Nevertheless, one cannot think that Mr. Coates is the man to compose an opera on *Pickwick*. His music is too eclectic and the influences of Rimsky-Korsakov and Richard Strauss are as strong as they are inappropriate. Tupman and Rachel Wardle have a love duet in the Dingley Dell scene to music which suggests a wedding procession in the Kremlin. There is little vocal line in Mr. Coates's score and this, of course, is most suitable to British singers who are best when they have to declaim rather than sing. On the other hand, Mr. Coates's score is skilful and shows a happily light touch here and there; also, he can produce the right atmosphere occasionally as he did in the Pucciniesque scene in the Fleet Prison, which was very well staged and lighted and made a genuine effect. But in spite of an excellent fugal intermezzo which purports to illustrate a cricket-match, but is rather a good piece of academic writing, Mr. Coates's music has the characteristics of conductors' music generally, that is to say, it is able, effective, but unoriginal and without individuality.

W. J. TURNER

PASSION FOR THE ROAD

MOST road users grouse without intermission. The pedestrian complains that he is being hounded off the roads, along many of which the footpath has been absorbed into the carriage way in our enthusiasm for widening. The horsy man finds tarred surfaces ill-suited for hoofs. The cyclist moans bitterly about dazzle, and the running-down peril, and the general callous brutality of motorists as a class. Motorists criticise everybody. Each other, for want of manners, for excessive speed, for creating traffic eddies by obstinate crawling. Horsed vehicles as an obstructive anachronism. Pedestrians, as dangerous lunatics. Cyclists for riding abreast, for general recklessness, for invisibility in twilight, and for a hundred other petty offences. The authorities for neglecting to tackle the road problem intelligently, or—alternatively—for fussing motorists to death by myriads of peevish and futile regulations. A Martian, visiting this planet and conversing at random with assorted road users, or reading what they write in specialised journals, would conclude that road users constitute a most miserable family.

Nevertheless, the population of these islands are consumed by a strange and superficially irrational passion for the road. They can hardly toddle before they emerge from the parental gate with a hoop or a spinning top, soon to be superseded by a fairy tricycle, or a soap-box mounted on pram wheels, or—if funds permit, a colourable miniature of Blue Bird. A little later every boy and girl commences to pester parents for a real bicycle. In due course the bicycle palls, and the boy suffers from acute insomnia produced by wild and hopeless yearnings for his first motor-bicycle, on the pillion of which a long succession of girls seek adventure. Later, it is a safe bet that if the motor cyclist wins a crossword competition, makes a lucky guess in a football pool, is promoted to an adequate salary, or inherits a snug little legacy from Aunt Jane, the purchase of the first motor-car will be the spearpoint of all the joy. If we exclude the blind, the aged, and the crippled, of those citizens of Great Britain who are able to afford some sort of a car only a tiny minority do not actually own cars; and of those inhibited by poverty from car ownership, the vast majority either ride pedal cycles, or by some shift or other travel on the roads at every reasonable opportunity. Our imaginary Martian would therefore come to wholly false conclusions if he took the incessant grumbles of road users at all seriously.

The contrast between this passionate yearning for road travel and the acidity of our comments upon the actual experience deserves analysis. Consider cyclists, for example. Their numbers have doubled during the last five years in the teeth of disagreeables which might have been expected to bankrupt the cycle industry. It is true that the modern cyclist pedals on roads which are skid-proof and frictionless compared to those on which the pioneers skated and shook. But his forefathers cycled at little or no risk to life and limb. They were not permanently semi-asphyxiated by breathing burnt hydrocarbons. They were not dishevelled by the windy impact of a ton of steel hurtling within a few inches of their elbows every few seconds. And at night their outlook was not reduced to an almost eternal series of pink and gold opalescences exploding against their eyeballs as each successive headlamp detonates their vision. Yet cyclists increase and multiply exceedingly, because you can buy a brand new cycle of good quality for £4, and a fair second-hand machine for thirty shillings. Similarly, the Victorian motorist was sufficiently familiar with trouble. His car was shaky and unreliable. It offered no protection from the prevailing dust, or rain or cold winds. But at least accidents were extremely rare, unless his brakes burnt out down Sunrising or some other severe hill. He had the road to himself; and the preoccupations of driving were so slight that he could gaze at the scenery or make love to a charming companion, or sink into daydreams. Whereas the motorist of to-day, especially at week-ends or in holiday seasons, must produce a concentration comparable to that demanded of the pilot of an air liner when ceilings are low and visibility is truncated. He drives for the most part in a queue which stretches from London to the coast. The road is picketed with sourish individuals, ready to pounce on his tiniest misdemeanour. And the whole business has become so

dangerous that thousands of motorists are killed on the road every year, many more are injured, and a minority are heavily fined or incarcerated in gaol for varying periods. Nevertheless, a car is the secret dream of most carless individuals. Bishops denounce young married couples for preferring a baby Austin or Morris to baby John or baby Joan. Birth control is studied with an eye on a motor-car catalogue rather than on the wife's health or the possibilities of providing a good education for *x* offspring. There is some mystery here?

We must, I suppose, seek it in the psychology of escape. The Athenians—we have Paul's word for it—spent their time in nothing else but to tell or hear some new thing. The British citizen desires above all to go places. He cannot (we have demonstrated the fact out of his own mouth) particularly enjoy the "going"; and he must be even queerer than we suppose if he finds any very intense thrill in spending three hours on Brighton beach on an August Sunday. His parallel passions for novels and the cinema and the distraction of professional soccer indicate that his real motive is to get away from familiar routine, and perhaps even from himself. He is weary of his domestic and economic surroundings, and he has few internal resources of a kind which offer interest or peace. At home and at the place of employment there is so much that has become monotonous—be it cooking range, ledger, or what not—that he jumps at the smallest loophole of escape. Walking is largely confined to hikers, and to those thousands who walk while deluding themselves that they are not walking by pursuing 2 oz. of tightly wound rubber string compressed into a white sphere over five miles of rough countryside, and so banish realities by fierce concentration. Walking often fails to appeal because it does not supply the requisite distraction in itself, and it does not convey one into scenes so strange or circumstances so absorbing that reality is banished. Cycling widens the range for a time, but as age increases, the scenes within cycling range come to share the familiarity of home, and the muscular effort begins to seem excessive. Hence the popularity of power transport, and especially of privately owned power transport, which confers freedom and independence—or at least a transient illusion of those blessings—upon the slaves of our civilisation.

The whole process is rather pathetic. R. E. DAVIDSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Young Madame Conti," at the Savoy

We have had a great many plays recently with a courtroom as central scene, and it is not the least merit of this violent and emotional drama that it manages by an extremely distinguished set by Prof. Stern and by the preservation of the original Austrian procedure to give an air of unusual interest to the structure. It is called in the programme a melodrama, but heavy though the shadows are they are the shadows of life and not those of the footlights. Our interest lies in the inexorable grip in which the world of circumstance holds this unfortunate and attractive creature and that when the values she has set up for herself are shattered, our sympathy is all for her and not for the victim of her brainstorm. The more agonising scenes, such as those in which her defending counsel breaks down her decision not to give evidence for herself by describing the details of hanging a woman and the penultimate scene in the prison cell in which Madame Conti's nerve at last gives way are admirably written, but the ingenious finale seemed dramatically an anti-climax. As a play it has great merit; it moves, it has shrewd observation, witty dialogue, and great emotional tensity; there is one big part and any number of good lesser ones. Mr. William Dewhurst as the President of the Court gives a delightfully dry performance and Mr. Raymond Huntley as the defending counsel shows that he is a first-rate actor. To have seen him in this and as the blackmailing agent in *Follow Your Saint* within two months is a dramatic education. Mr. Phillip Leaver managed to extract humour from the obscenity of the pimp's part and Miss Dorothy Dewhurst was particularly good as the Wardress. Mr. William Fox, as the young man who loved Madame Conti hopelessly and unsuccessfully, acted with great restraint, in a part where over-emphasis would have put the balance wrong, and Mr. Guy Lefeuvre was excellent as the disagreeable prosecuting counsel. There remains Miss Constance Cummings. There has never been any doubt as to Miss Cummings' technique. In all her light comedy films she acts with ease and grace and gets the most out of her opportunities. Once before, in *Night after Night*, she gave a hint of her emotional power; as

HENRY AIRBUBBLE

A NOVEL BY

W. J. TURNER

'It has a breath-taking brilliance and wit that overlays a disturbing undercurrent of new and paralysing ideas.'—PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON in the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

'The author's wit flashes like a burnished and sharp-edged sword.'—JOHN BROPHY in *John O' London's*.

'He has produced something ringingly complete, individual and lovely.'—HUMBERT WOLFE in the *Sunday Referee*. 7/6

A disturbance has occurred concerning

DYLAN THOMAS

In brief, there are two camps concerning his new work, TWENTY-FIVE POEMS—two camps, moreover, who are advancing their differences of opinion in such colourful language, that under cover of this barrage, the book is selling, and in no mean way.

1 EDITH SITWELL IN THE SUNDAY TIMES:

'A new poet has arisen who shows every promise of greatness. His work is on a huge scale, both in theme and structurally, and the form of many of the poems is superb. Here, alone among the poets of the younger generation, is one who could produce sonnets worthy of our great heritage.'

2 A CORRESPONDENT TO THE SUNDAY TIMES:

'Is this poetry? I ask, like Miss Dartle, because I want to know! If it be poetry, what in the name of muses does it mean? Mr. Herbert Read told us last week at the Book Exhibition that poets are now persecuted. If this be the sort of crime they are guilty of, then out with the thumb-screws!'

The book costs 2/6, and is the latest addition to Dent's Contemporary Verse Series, a prospectus of which will be sent post free from Dents, 10 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2

Madame Conti she realises to the full the promise of that hint. She manages the different qualities of voice suitable to the different depths of emotion with complete control, she can still fill the centre of the stage while remaining silent and immobile, but her greatest gift is that even in the most extreme moments of this long and exhausting part she makes us feel that we are witnessing the agony of a real person without in any way sacrificing the unity of the dramatic values.

"Panic" and "The Dumb Wife," at the Mercury.

Rabelais' story of the wife who was dumb, but talked so much when her tongue was operated on that her husband had to be made deaf, makes a remarkably boring little play. These mediaeval jokes are generally best when read and the Mercury production with its olde Englishe pipe and a good deal of fifteenth-century whoopee does not do very much to better the situation. Only Mr. Evan John as the physician gave a sufficiently fantastic performance to carry it off, and neither Mr. Elliott Seabrooke as the husband nor Miss Margaretta Scott as the wife were enough in the skin of the parts to give any real substance to them, though Miss Scott looked particularly lovely.

Mr. Macleish's play about American finance is another rung in the presumably long ladder of verse dramas we shall be compelled to witness as the result of the success of *Murder in the Cathedral*. As in a number of other plays of this type there is no real dramatic situation in the accepted sense and the play depends for its effect on the emotion aroused by the cumulative series of images called up by the writer's words. These are often very good and much of the verse itself is beautiful. But one cannot help feeling that it is better suited for reading aloud than for acting, and the producers of these highfalutin affairs must invent a new method of treating the choruses. We have had Mr. Eliot's play, Mr. MacNeice's *Agamemnon* and now Mr. Macleish's *Panic*, all with the same kind of chorus and, like the defendant in *Trial by Jury*, we cannot eat mutton all day. Mr. Franklin Dyall, in what must be a most unfamiliar milieu, showed what real acting can be, as McGafferty, the millionaire, and Miss Scott again looked lovely. Mr. Donald Gordon showed a real sense of how to speak verse and has a beautiful voice to do it with.

Firm grasp

MR. A. J. CUMMINGS writes of this book: "Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Coates, who read and speak Russian, have been close, well-informed students of Russian affairs for many years. I am familiar with much of the ground they cover in this vivid personal narrative of their latest travels in the U.S.S.R., and I can testify to the conscientious thoroughness of their interpretations of industrial and social conditions there. Mr. and Mrs. Coates are honest as well as sympathetic observers. Their firm grasp of the essentials of European civilisation enable them to present in its true perspective a picture of this great new Russia whose achievements have astonished a still almost incredulous world."

THE RT. HON. T. JOHNSTON, M.P., says: "Most foreign visitors to post-revolution Russia have been hampered by linguistic difficulties. The Coates had none. They speak fluent Russian; they have laboured strenuously for many years to establish friendship and understanding between Great Britain and the Soviet Union; they are intimate with the Russian people and their tragic history. These *Scenes from Soviet Life* are penned with knowledge and sympathy."

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER writes: "Never, in recent years, has any subject created so much controversy as answers to the question, 'What is the truth about Russia?' Usually, people who go there come back confirmed in the view they held before they had seen the place. They wear political spectacles all the time, and these exaggerate and blur. There is no man I would more trust as an authority on the subject than W. P. Coates, who, with his wife, has written *Scenes from Soviet Life*. Although, being a Socialist, he is naturally a friend of the Russian people, his passionate sincerity would not allow him to be blinded to the faults of the system which, being human, must have faults. He and his wife went to Russia to see all they could, and then they wrote it down frankly and with truth. If you really want to know what is going on in Russia, I advise the reading of *Scenes from Soviet Life*." Many photographs. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

LAWRENCE lw AND WISHART
2 PARTON STREET, W.C.1

"The White Angel," at the Tivoli.

Morally this is a very good film, but artistically it is somewhat feeble and fuddled. The story of Florence Nightingale, like that of Louis Pasteur, is a splendid lesson in humanity, devotion and courage; as the spectator watches its triumphant progress on the screen, his mind should be impressed and his heart stirred. But whereas *The Story of Louis Pasteur* succeeded as drama and therefore interested and cheered cinema audiences while running little risk of instructing them, *The White Angel* fails to produce the same effect for two reasons: there is no acting performance in it comparable to Paul Muni's portrait of Pasteur, and it is cautiously yet shakily directed. In many of its scenes Kay Francis looks beautiful, and she acts throughout sincerely, with conviction but without distinction; she is given creditable support by the gentlemen cast as the *Times* correspondent in the Crimea, Lord Raglan, Sidney Herbert, three doctors and an American drummer-boy—in fact, the small parts are better played in this film than in *Pasteur*—but this advantage is counteracted by the dithering direction, which is severely ordinary, clumsy both in restraint and stress, never downright incompetent, but frequently (and oddly) apologetic. The sets and photography of the film, on the contrary, were handsome and intelligent; perhaps, after all, we may be touching here on the weakness of the monochrome movie, so highly developed as a visual art but half-baked intellectually: it tends to see the world, history and human emotions in black and white. Not, of course, that the Lady with the Lamp should have been depicted as anything but pure white; she may even have caught cholera; but were her medical opponents, with all their red tape, as black as they are painted in this picture? What a pity it did not follow Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, which took the disfiguring whitewash from Florence Nightingale and showed so dramatically her ruthlessness as well as her benevolence. And how satisfactory it will be if the coming of colour, after its first purple rash, introduces a little more sense, shading, moderation and even verisimilitude into the talkies!

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 27th—
- Meeting in support of Cecil Houses Women's Public Lodging House Fund. Speeches by A. J. Cronin, L. A. G. Strong, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and others, Shaftesbury Theatre, 3.

SATURDAY, November 28th—
- Home Counties Liberal Federation Week-end School. Sir Francis Acland, F. Kingsley Griffith, Sir Walter Layton and others on "A Democratic Front," Jordans Hostel, nr. Beaconsfield.
- The "Frogs" of Aristophanes acted in Greek by Undergraduates, and address by the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, Chiswick Empire Theatre (matinée). Only performance.

SUNDAY, November 29th—
- John Katz on "National Destiny and the Individual," Conway Hall, 11.
- North London Film Society, Monseigneur News Theatre, Strand, 2.15.
- Miss Vera Brittain on "Manners and Morals These Thirty Years," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- National Demonstration in Support of Spanish Democracy. Speeches by Sir P. Chalmers Mitchell, D. N. Pritt, Sir Stafford Cripps and others, Albert Hall, 7.30.
- G. Russell Strauss on "Russia To-day," Willoughby Hall, Willoughby Road, N.W.3, 8.
- "Henry V," The Ring, Blackfriars.

MONDAY, November 30th—
- "Veille d'armes," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, December 1st—
- Captain Philip Mumford on "Why I Oppose Collective Security," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- William Teeling on "Japan," Morley College, 8.
- "A People's Front for Britain." Speeches by David Keir, Hamilton Fyfe, John Strachey and others, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.15.
- Miss A. Sayle on "The Bye Laws in respect of Houses let as Tenement Dwellings," Victory House, Leicester Square, 8.30.
- "Waste," Westminster Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, December 2nd—
- W. B. Curry on "Liberty in the School and in the State," Conway Hall, 8.
- Public Meeting on "Art and the Revolution." Speeches by Eric Gill, Herbert Read and Alick West, Christchurch Parish Hall, Watney Street, Commercial Road, 8.15.

THURSDAY, December 3rd—
- Ewart G. Culpin on "Town, Country and Regional Planning," Morley College, 7.30.

SATURDAY, December 5th—
- Spanish Concert, in aid of fund to purchase clothes, etc., for dispatch to Spain, Scala Theatre, 2.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MOST of the great writers of the world have been poor, or have lived in middling circumstances, and though this has probably been greatly to the advantage of literature, it has one serious drawback which makes one wish that it was the custom for authors to be made peers and granted vast sums of money like victorious generals. For authors usually have lived in cramped quarters which become more cramped and congested with every page they write, and they are commonly regarded with some contempt by their cooks, landladies, or charwomen and sometimes even by their wives and daughters, who look upon their scribbling as a tiresome messy habit. The forty plays or so in which Shakespeare had a hand must have made a considerable litter in his lodgings in Bankside and in his house in Stratford, and it is in the nature of things that the women around him should have viewed them as raw material for lighting fires, covering jampots, and making spills, whilst many unpublished poems and sonnets and letters from Mr. W. H. must have served to keep a Southwark housemaid's hair in curl. It is thanks to these brisk housewives that not a single line of Shakespeare's handwriting now exists and we only have an odd signature or so upon a legal document. But if Shakespeare had been made a duke like Marlborough and given a house like Blenheim, all his papers would have gone into the muniment room, where they might be lying now. I have made the unoriginal choice of Shakespeare because the thought of his manuscripts is a measure by which we can value those of other men, and reflect upon the fact that the manuscripts of Boswell are among the most valuable literary properties ever discovered. That they have survived is because Boswell and his descendants belonged to a well-to-do family.

* * *

The first batch of the manuscripts was found, as is well known, at Malahide Castle in the possession of Lord Talbot de Malahide, Boswell's great-grandson, and were purchased by Lt.-Col. Isham, who arranged for the printing of a limited edition of them, edited by Geoffrey Scott and then after his death by Professor Pottle of Yale University. While the publication of these volumes was in progress, an old croquet box in a disused cupboard of Malahide Castle was found to contain further Boswell material, no less than the original manuscript of Boswell's *A Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson*. This was also bought by Lt.-Col. Isham and entrusted to Professor Pottle. Since then the missing portions of Boswell's Journal and a large quantity of his correspondence has been found in Scotland by Professor Colleer Abbott, who has described the find in the *Times* of November 21st. The manuscript version of *A Tour to the Hebrides*, edited by Professor Pottle (Heinemann, 21s.) is the first of the Boswell manuscripts to be published in an edition available to the general public and the publishers promise to give us further volumes of the Boswell MSS. It is not only a book which it is a pleasure to read, but one of real value for the light it throws upon Boswell himself. Before Boswell's manuscript was printed it was drastically revised both by Boswell and by Malone. A surprisingly large number of alterations were made in Malone's handwriting and the whole revision appears to have been carried out in accordance with Malone's ideas of literary propriety. The original MS. was too long, too indiscreet and offensive to persons then living, and lacked the Johnsonian rotundity of style which was regarded as desirable. The manuscript now published is not only an earlier and longer version but the only one which is wholly the author's, and it is true to say that in every place where a substantial discrepancy exists between the two versions, the original MS. is to be preferred. It is just the most interesting things which Malone was concerned to cut out. But before giving illustrations of this, the editorial methods must be mentioned.

The MS. is contained in the two notebooks which Boswell took with him, the smaller notebook given him by Johnson when these were filled and on loose sheets of paper purchased in the island of Coll. They all got damp in the croquet-box and the paper when found was defective and rotten. Professor Pottle has here made a reading version and no one will quarrel with him for inserting whole pages from the published version where the pages were missing from the MS., nor for completing words which were partly lost owing to marginal defects, nor for supplying words now lost which are required to complete the sense. In one such instance he supplies three whole sentences " to make a transition." Such additions are generally, but we are told not invariably, marked by numbers in the text and numbered footnotes beneath it. But it is not always easy to see at a glance just how far a passage extends which is marked by a mere number, and I cannot help thinking that Professor Pottle and Mr. Bennett were unwise to eschew the use of square brackets to indicate the inserted words and passages. Such a version they believe " could only have been perused by a hardened scholar." There is no mistaking the limits of the square bracket, and personally I have never found its presence interfere with the pleasure of reading, while it is a real irritation even for the unscholarly reader like myself not to be sure whether Boswell did use a particular word or not. There is also little to be said for Professor Pottle's practice of " normalising " Boswell's spelling, particularly in the case of persons, place-names and Gaelic words. Individuality and character are lost by such " normalising " without any corresponding gain, for there is no difficulty in reading such admirable texts as Toynbee and Whibley's Correspondence of Gray, or Mr. F. L. Lucas's edition of Webster, in which every detail of spelling and capitalisation is preserved. Such criticisms must, of course, be proffered in a tentative and undogmatic spirit by anyone who has not examined and compared an absolutely accurate transcription of the MS. with the book here printed, but it does appear to me that Professor Pottle irritates the reader unnecessarily by smoothing what are perhaps only imaginary difficulties out of his path. It seems also a pity to have left out Boswell's sketches.

* * *

In one of the hitherto unpublished passages Boswell tells us that Johnson, from motives of delicacy, would not ask Beauclerk, the Duke of Marlborough's brother-in-law, to take him to see Blenheim, and Boswell reflects that he must try to acquire such delicacy himself; that he would not think of exposing his body naked, but that he has no shame in exposing his mind and that " mental nakedness " is also reprehensible. Such mental nakedness is, of course, the very foundation of Boswell's fame. He exposes his mental nakedness with unique genius and there are dozens of delightfully amusing instances of it in the passages which were omitted in the published tour. For example, where the printed tour had a mere reference to " devout meditations " in the ruins of Icolmkill, Boswell here describes himself as reading aloud passages from St. James, praying to " Saint Columbus," and preaching a sermon from Ogden's collection in a loud voice which he exulted to hear resounding through the empty cathedral. At the same time, he resolved to behave in an exemplary manner from that time forward. But the very next day, when Lochbuie mixed a bowl of punch, he was seized " with an avidity for drinking," and when Dr. Johnson admonished him to drink no more: " I slunk away from him with a consciousness of being brutish and yet a determination to go somewhat deeper." The new version reveals occasional lapses on the part of Johnson himself, as when he referred to the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay as " an ignorant booby and the grossest bastard." As Johnson was in Skye at the time, perhaps the most charitable explanation of this shocking language is second-sight: he was referring to the great whig historian. Thomas Babington was, after all, the Rev. Kenneth's greatnephew. How Johnson would have hated him.

DAVID GARNETT

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

Behind the Spanish Barricades. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Langdon-Davies has produced in the very short time that has elapsed since he returned from Spain a substantial book, illustrated with over fifty photographs, upon the Civil War. It is in my opinion an extraordinarily interesting book, bearing no signs of having been written in a hurry, based upon many years' experience of the people and country, and particularly upon two visits made to Catalonia, one just before the rebellion broke out and the other in August. And it is a disinterested book. Mr. Langdon-Davies follows no political banner. He has friends on the Right whose tragic situation he describes. There is, for example, a vivid and moving portrait of one of them who gradually, unwillingly, protesting all the time against his fate, goes over to the Fascists. And he has friends on the Left with whom he is more in sympathy, for, like almost all Englishmen, Conservatives and Liberals, who have loved and known Spain during the last hundred and thirty years, his sympathies are on the progressive side—for the people and the educated middle classes and against the reactionary nobility, the higher clergy and the Carlists. But he does not try to draw a veil over the burning of the churches or to whitewash the Anarchists or to pretend that a revolution is not going on. He has written an absolutely frank and honest account of his experiences, and short of going to Spain oneself I know of no better way of understanding what people are doing and saying there than by reading it.

For me the great interest of the Spanish Revolution lies in the Syndicalist-Anarchists. Communism is a foreign importation in Spain, with no more hope of acquiring power there than it has in England. The Spanish Communists realise this, and hold their religion far more lightly than do, for example, most of the English ones: it is, I think, its mystical side—the secret strength given by a belief in class predestination—that attracts them: on such fundamental questions as the dictatorship of the proletariat they are ready to compromise. Wherever they have been this autumn they have protected works of art, protected priests, tightened up military discipline and have even (since they are opposed to the anti-religious campaign of the Anarchists) attempted to open some of the churches again. No doubt on account of their numerical weakness they are at present the most reasonable and tolerant of the Left parties.

The Socialists have their stronghold in Madrid and Castile: they come straight out of the bureaucratic system set up by Charles V and Philip II and contain most of the intellectuals. Indeed if you cut off Spanish history in, say, 1540, which is the date when the Inquisition began to persecute Erasmians and to destroy the whole of the young Spanish intellectual movement, and took it up again with the proclamation of the Republic, you would not feel any great jolt at the transition.

But the Anarchists, who predominate in the whole of Southern and Eastern Spain, represent something much more fundamentally Spanish: one can almost say, since their characteristics are clearly seen in the Roman wars, Iberian. Anarchism is a natural expression of one side of the Spanish character: its passion for individual liberty and for local self-government, its belief in human dignity and nobility, its generosity and idealism, its sudden movements of impatience and violence; and then, most irritating to the parties that have to work with it, its baffling negativeness and cussedness. This cussedness is profoundly Spanish, but anyone who has known many Yorkshiremen will understand it: it was probably more responsible than anything else in the first month of the war for the failures of the Government troops to advance. Yet it has not precluded the organising of certain things such as transport or food supply very efficiently. And that again is typically Spanish. The Central Governments in Spain have always been so inefficient that it is forgotten that no race have ever been such adepts at managing their local affairs. The Municipalities have been the backbone of the country since very early times, and till the appearance of the *Cacique* during the last century (he was brought into existence by the necessity for corrupting the voters) the system worked, within the social framework of the day, pretty well. The Spanish Anarchists start off, therefore, from a firm historical basis: they believe that for a country to be really alive there must be life born of free discussion and decision in the smallest units: they detest all forms of discipline, of Government machinery and of red tape. Their system is the exact opposite of Communism, and is really an attempt to apply the Greek idea of democracy to modern States. It is, I imagine, the only form of modern government which an Athenian of the fifth century could possibly approve of. If it is the Anarchists, one might say, who represent that core of aborigines of which one is always so conscious in Spain, it is the others who help to bridge the gulf.

One is always told, of course, that Syndicalism (which is the political organisation that Anarchists now desire) is utterly impracticable. Here Mr. Langdon-Davies provides some information which is extraordinarily interesting. He describes two villages, Port de la Selva and Anso, which he visited—the first early last summer, the second four years ago—where Syndicalism was functioning.

Port de la Selva is a fishing village on the Catalan coast, owned by the fishermen's co-operative. All the boats, nets, storehouses, shops, olive groves, belong to them: also the curing factory, refrigerating plant, oil refinery, with the café, the hotel, the theatre, the assembly rooms and the transport service. They provide insurance against death, accident and loss of boats. They impose fines for quarrelling, for slander, for indecorum, for refusing to dance on feast days, and even have their own token money, which is more current than the coin of the realm. Every man in this little village is a free man, in a sense in which no one is a free man in England, and the standard of living is far above that of the other poverty-stricken villages of the coast.

Anso lies in a high valley of the Pyrenees near Jaca. The women of Anso wear Elizabethan ruffs and long pleated dresses of green: the men cover their heads with a black handkerchief, the knot of which hangs down like a pigtail, and over this they wear a black hat. Round their waists is wound a purple sash twenty inches wide: their knee-breeches are slashed open at the knee, showing a purple lining; their stockings are white. They live in overhanging timber houses, which remind one of the illustrations to German fairy tales. Nearly all the villagers are shepherds. Yet this village, working through its municipality, has organised its own system of medical insurance, veterinary insurance, free medicines for all, even free shaving. There was a remarkable public library without a book on its shelves, for all the books were being read. The priest sat smoking his pipe at the café, quietly resigned—as were so many good priests four years ago—to the fact that there were no longer any believers. Everyone seemed prosperous and happy. Strictly speaking, this was not Syndicalism, for the village did not own either the land or the flocks, but this example shows how Spaniards are able to organise their own local affairs when there is no outside interference.

In the part dealing with the revolution Mr. Langdon-Davies has a great many very interesting things to say. He describes the C.N.T. and F.A.I. manifestos pasted up in Barcelona in the end of August, telling the workers that in order to win the war against the Fascists they must "organise indiscipline." No wonder the siege of Saragossa did not progress.

His explanation of the burning of the churches is interesting and, I think, probable. He declares that the incendiaries really believed in the hostile magic of the saints and relics kept there. And for the embarrassment of those English Catholics who fondly imagine the Spanish Church to resemble their own, he reproduces a piece of first-rate church magic: an amulet issued by the Archbishop of Santiago as a protection against the well-known devils Messias, Emmanuel, Soter, Sabaoth, Agios, Otheos,

Christmas Books Number

Next Week—Dec. 5th.

This greatly enlarged issue will include, besides the regular features, a long poem by V. Sackville-West, an article by Jack B. Yeats (illustrated by the author), and reviews of Christmas books by Rosamond Lehmann, David Garnett, H. E. Bates, V. S. Pritchett, K. John, Barrington Gates, Frederick Laws and Arthur Marshall.

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First Instalment

NEXT SUNDAY
November 29th

Sunday Times

Ischiros, Athanatos, Ieboa, Adonai and Tetragrammaton, ending up with the admirable ejaculation "Let not the Dragon be my leader." This amulet becomes efficacious, says the Archbishop, only after being blessed: but even then it must not be thought to be an infallible protection—for that would be superstitious.

As another example of the oddity of the Catholic Church in Spain we are given that famous and delightful passage from the New Catechism now in force:

Question: What sin is committed by those who vote Liberal?
Answer: Usually, mortal sin.

After which we are taken to a service at a Spanish Protestant church, held with open doors in the middle of Barcelona during the first weeks of the revolution. "Why not?" said the Anarchists. "We have nothing against any church that leaves us alone."

And which side will win? Mr. Langdon-Davies has no doubts about this:

> The spiritual force of Spain has never come from any central organ, it comes from every cell and tissue: it has to be conquered village by village, and so long as one village remains with its barricades intact, Spain will not be Fascist.

I agree with him.

GEORGE BEATON

A LIFE OF DE VALERA

Unique Dictator: A Study of Eamon De Valera. By DESMOND RYAN. *Barker.* 10s. 6d.

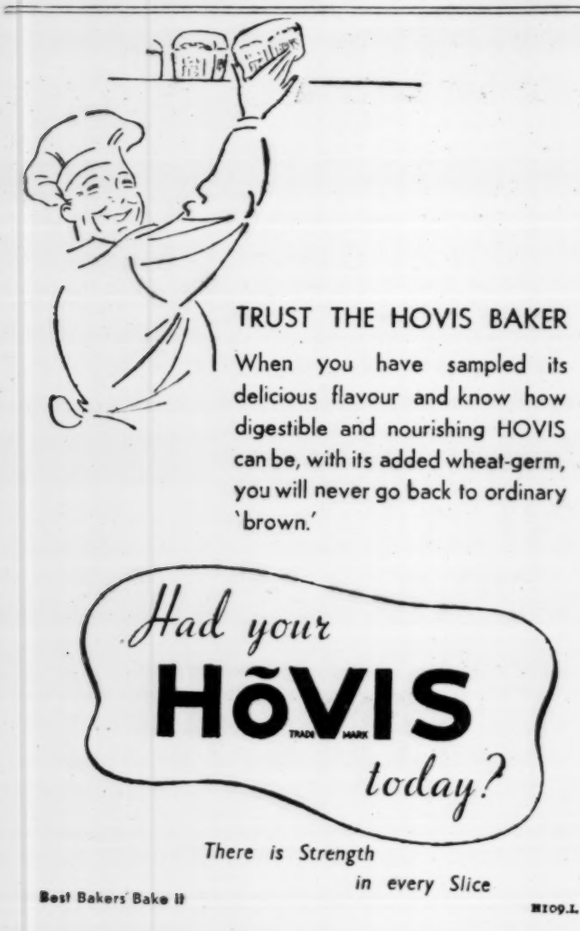
Eamon de Valera was born in New York on October 14th, 1882, his mother being an emigrated Irishwoman who had left Ireland two years before her marriage. A few years later his father died suddenly, and the son was sent home to Limerick in the charge of an uncle to his mother's people, there to be reared in a small farm among the hills. The boy was fond of games, but he also liked learning; his diligence enabled him to win a scholarship at a good Roman Catholic school, where he read an Intermediate and a University course in mathematics and physics. On leaving school he graduated at the Royal University, Dublin, and was, at about the same time, appointed Professor in a Training College. Attracted by his patriotism to the Gaelic League he was "on the barricades" in 1916, and came out of prison some months afterwards to be acclaimed Irish leader in place of John Redmond. He was fugitive from the first Irish Government, and eventually became head of the State which he had tried to overthrow.

An account of Mr. de Valera's remarkable career has not been overdue; indeed, Mr. de Valera must have had more biographers in the last ten years than any person in these islands. Mr. Desmond Ryan, his present biographer, mentions his predecessors, who include two distinguished Irish novelists. The material out of which *Unique Dictator* is made is perforce mainly newspaper material, for Mr. de Valera has not modified his dislike of publicity of a personal kind, and cares only that the world should be acquainted with his principles. The result is unfortunate: once again we are told little more than that the record of a conscientious student and a gifted teacher summarises Mr. de Valera's life up to 1916; and it seems a pity that Mr. Ryan has not attempted to throw light on the formative years of the subject of his memoir by undertaking a search for early biographical detail. Perhaps, like so many Irishmen, Mr. Ryan is more interested in public than in private life. It is enough for him to be persuaded that the ancestry (a Spanish father notwithstanding), the background and the memories of the present leader of the Irish race dispel "the foolish legend that would make of de Valera something romantic, exotic and strange to Ireland."

On the other hand, the account given in this book of Mr. de Valera's public career is both exhaustive and admirable. It is inspired by an evident desire to stick to the facts, and to do the best possible justice to the motives of all concerned in the Treaty controversy, including the English negotiators. One has the impression that if Mr. Ryan had been a member of the Dail in 1922 he would have voted with the majority in favour of ratification; and yet he gives good evidence of Mr. de Valera's disinterestedness on this occasion and acquits him of responsibility for the ensuing Civil War. Nor was his alternative to the "Treaty," Document No. 2, a face-saving move; it truly represented the fruit of an earnest effort to reconcile Imperial security with the Sinn Fein view of Irish rights. To the contention that the difference between these proposals and the Treaty was negligible, he retorted by asking why the British would not surrender the shadow to those who thought the difference worth dying for: words, he urged characteristically, must mean something. He was wrong; words meant little or nothing, and because they meant little or nothing, Mr. de Valera found himself presently able, without loss of prestige, to take a constitutional part in the life of the Free State, and even, in the name of the Irish people's anxiety for a reign of law and order, to invoke Mr. Cosgrave's Public Safety Act against the I.R.A. Mr. Ryan quotes effectively from a British historian: the British Government might just as well have recognised Document No. 2, for in this way they would have spared Ireland from fratricidal strife and would not have exposed the Crown to greater humiliation than it has suffered. Mr. de Valera once said that he had only to look into his own heart when he wished to discover the aims of his people; and indeed the overthrow, which now seems final, of the pro-Treaty party in the Free State is due to the fact that he has a deeper insight into the psychology of the Irish who, even in periods like the present when heroic courses are in disfavour, always regard their politics as a march towards deliverance.

The title of Mr. Ryan's book lends itself to criticism. The Cambridge philosopher, MacTaggart, used to request that philosophy should not designate an impersonal reality by the name of God. It would be better to stick to the theological usage which also is the common one. In the same way it seems wrong to change the meaning of so common a word as dictator in popular usage. There is no restraint on free thought in political matters in the Free State, where, also, exception made of the ban on the public discussion of sex, the traditional ideas of liberalism and democracy are ostensibly honoured, in spite of the distance that must logically separate a Catholic people from Liberalism. Nor does Mr. de Valera claim the qualities of omnipotence and omniscience, typical of modern dictators. "Is Mr. de Valera considered great?" an English visitor to Ireland asked not long ago. "No," was the reply, "he is considered good." Ruskin in a remarkable passage declared that the Irish were unlike the English in naturally desiring the good; he accounted on this ground for the prevalence of political crime in Ireland. For the Irish, he said, are so sure of the purity of their intentions that when baulked they fall into an agony and desire of justice in which there is nothing that they will not do with a good conscience.

J. M. HONE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MALLARMÉ IN ENGLISH

Some Poems of Mallarmé: Translated by ROGER FRY; with commentaries by CHARLES MAURON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

At the end of Dr. Couperman's laborious treatise, "The Aesthetics of Stéphane Mallarmé," published in New York in 1933, twenty large octavo pages are allotted to the bibliography of Mallarmist criticism and exegesis. In 1936 two or three more would have to be added to bring the small library up to date. If one decides to be "a difficult author"—phrase first applied by Catulle Mendès to Mallarmé in the early days—one must take the risk of total submergence under the ardour of those "future scholiasts" whom the poet ironically anticipated in the notes to a collected edition of his works.

After all these years and all those volumes of interpretation, what prompted Roger Fry to translate an arbitrary selection from a poet who, strictly, cannot be read at all, if he is not read in French? For Mallarmé's theory of words, as signals, pretexts, or *points de départ* for endless reverie, makes it obvious that the slightest transposition, the faintest modification of their sound and their associations, must cancel their power of suggestion. Mallarmé told Edmond de Goncourt that he regarded a poem as a mystery of which the reader must discover the key. Must not all his translators, then, transform the initial mystery into another and profounder one, since the original key or clue of evocatory resonance is lost?

In an introduction which loyally attempts to ascertain the causes of Mallarmé's obscurity, M. Charles Mauron tells us that Roger Fry, as all who knew and loved him will agree, combined the almost irreconcilable attributes of fastidiousness and generosity. He loved the best; he desired to share it with others. He loved Mallarmé; he wished to communicate his admiration. So, with a hesitancy like that of the "sterile," self-reproachful author of *Un Coup de Dès*, he worked intermittently over his translation for twenty years; lost the manuscript in the course of a little *roman policier* at the Gare St. Lazare; reconstructed it from memory; re-wrote it; and entrusted M. Mauron with the task of compiling the useful commentary we have here.

It was to be a literal translation. But literal exactitude would occasionally give way to the exigencies of a rhythm "already established."

One follows the translation poem by poem; and certainly one has to admit that the claims of an established rhythm appear to have been completely disestablished by a devastating literalness. It is, for example, disconcerting, in following the first lines of the later, cryptic sonnets, set as running heads over the pages, to read the sibylline invitations conveyed by "To get myself into your story," "Her pure nails," "Risen from the springing croup," "Does all pride smoke out evening," and the like. Here one seems to be approaching, not the kingdom of dreams, but the fantastic realms of the Jabberwock—an impression sustained by the odd mixture of literal renderings with occasional "poetic diction" in the bulk of the translation. M. Mauron is right: "foreign in French to a Frenchman," Mallarmé "remains foreign to an Englishman in English." More accurately: he becomes a half-caste; no longer a visitant, delicately dressed, from "exotic lands afar," but a stumbling *métis* of mixed origin, who has picked up miscellaneous adornments from chance-met savages.

Impossible to find the metrical equivalent, in English, of Mallarmé's "jewelled French." For the purpose of mere elucidation a prose crib is the best method—a paraphrase, say, in vulgar French like the one attempted by Teodor de Wyzewa, the author of that amusing novel *Valbert*. For the rest, Mallarmé's finest poems require no paraphrase. Many of them are lucid. Most of them yield their full meaning as they become familiar. What we need now, indeed, for the understanding of Mallarmé's life and work is not further unauthorised commentary upon his published writings, but the collection of his unpublished letters, denied us by the too conscientious scruples of his son-in-law, Dr. Bonniot. We have only the charmingly modest letter to Verlaine, labelled *Autobiographie*. I have read others that reveal much of the secret struggle between high ambition and supposed failure. Driven, by the pressure of uncongenial toil, into a constantly remoter retreat, he performed the necessary subordinate tasks with a martyred patience. His *Petite Philologie* of English words for French *lycées*, his manual of classical mythology, adapted from the English, exist (unread) to prove it. Was he not also—supreme concession!—editor of an elegant lady's fashion

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gazette, for which he wrote not only the main articles but also the advertisements of sirops, cigars, and cures for chilblains? Meanwhile, he scattered the advanced reviews, or issued, in editions so severely limited as to be almost invisible, the poems, which have placed him amongst the immortals. The paradox of Mallarmé's case is that he considered these as negligible, in comparison with the supreme masterpiece of which the enigmatic fragments are studied only by those for whom all that he attempted has the prophetic significance of a sacred text.

RICHARD JENNINGS

NO REPRIEVE?

Zero Hour. By RICHARD FREUND. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Freund's book is a *tour de force*. To summarise with almost unfailing accuracy all the important problems of international politics in 250 pages, and to remain extremely readable for those who seriously interest themselves in these things, is a surprising achievement. It depends, of course, upon clearing a lot of nonsense away from the beginning, so that the reader escapes all light chat and official verbiage. A lot of stupid doctrinaire prophecy is also cut out because Mr. Freund rightly insists that many things are quite frankly unpredictable, partly, for instance, because "plans tend to expand with opportunities."

If Mr. Freund succeeds in writing both clearly and cautiously, he yet commits himself to a number of important conclusions. He obviously regards war as all but inevitable. He believes a clash between Great Britain and Italy to be probable. Although he considers all the factors which may hold her back, he obviously fears that Germany will precipitate a war because "both the social and financial conditions of Germany are full of dangers which might drive the Dictator ever deeper into an aggressive foreign policy." He refers to the British question of last May as to whether the stage at which Germany would respect the existing status of Europe has arrived as "a momentous mark of interrogation"; the repudiation of the rivers clause of the Peace Treaty, though practically unimportant, has already provided an ominously negative answer.

Most international experts have spent an unpleasant proportion of their time of late in the rôle of Cassandra; what else has Mr. Freund to say? He gives an interesting account of the development of Soviet Russia. To the vital question all the world is asking to-day "How actual is Russia's strength if it comes to be tested?" Mr. Freund returns an answer which is on the whole favourable to the prospects of the Russian forces in time of war. It is generally agreed that the morale of the Red Army is immensely better than that of the Tsarist forces, but the most competent military experts disagree about the potential endurance of the Soviet Army—how well would Russia's industrial organisation stand the strain of war, and is her railway system adequately extended by now? And finally if German-Japanese co-operation develops, how long could the U.S.S.R. fight on two tremendous fronts?

Mr. Freund points out that *Mein Kampf* was written at a time when Soviet Russia still seemed unstable and fragile, and he reminds us that to-day's rampagings do not by any means rule out a sudden German-Russian rapprochement if Germany decides that Russia is too strong to be worth while attacking. It is well known that there are still pro-Russian influences in the *Reichswehr*, and the possibility that these may again preponderate has provided one of the most anxious preoccupations of the Quai d'Orsay ever since Hitler's rule. If this were to happen, either France or Great Britain might be made into Public Enemy No. 1 overnight. Mr. Freund makes it exceedingly clear that whether we like it or not, peace is indivisible.

> If France should be involved in war with Germany, the safety of the Low Countries is equally endangered whether the war breaks out as a result of a German attack on France or Belgium or as a result of France coming to the assistance of one of her Eastern allies. Could Britain tolerate the invasion of her continental safety belt any more if the cause were an Eastern upheaval than if Germany attacked Belgium?

Among other things Mr. Freund regards Japan as incorrigible, while he is interested in America's great naval strength, which is such as to enable her at any moment to play again a leading international part. He believes that there has been "a remarkable recovery of cohesion" in the British Empire, though its causes may make this recovery only a temporary one.

Here and there one feels uncertain as to the implications in this otherwise extraordinarily accurate book. For instance, is General Metaxas such a harmless incident in Greece? Again, what little one hears of France from Mr. Freund is of the too rigid France which has so unfortunately alienated British public opinion. But is not "France" a country of people who recently voted for Blum and rejected the policy of Laval? And is it not the one country in the world where school-teachers try to serve peace and internationalism to a quite romantic degree? Mr. Freund very rightly doubts whether Russia would necessarily move if France were in danger, but he does not raise the still more doubtful question whether the French would perpetrate what they regard as the crime of war to help their Eastern allies, however politically essential to their own survival such assistance might be.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

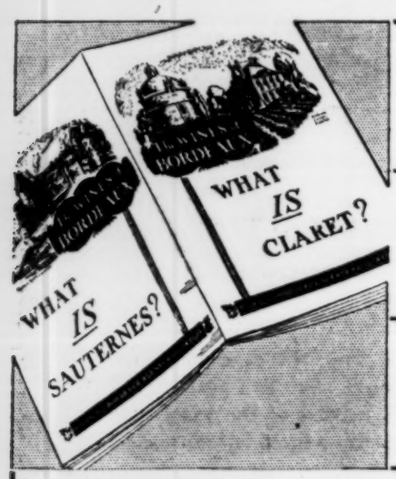
IN THE GOLDEN DAYS

Keats's Publisher. A Memoir of John Taylor. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Here Mr. Blunden is on his own ground. He knows every corner of the garden, every petal that has fallen there during the last century and a quarter. In his preface, he regrets that he has not been able to discover the papers of Hessey, Taylor's partner during the great years, but he makes good shift without them, and is able to give us a lively portrait of Hessey, that gentle, religious person with a didactic bent that finally emerged and re-ordered his career from publishing to schoolmastering.

Thinking over the book after a leisurely reading, one realises how successfully Mr. Blunden has managed to keep his sitter in the foreground. It is an achievement, for the background is crowded with immortals, while Taylor can hardly be called that, not even by Mr. Blunden, who has learned to know him so well and has become an intimate friend. There Taylor stands, a distinct personality half a pace in advance of Coleridge, Keats, de Quincey, Charles Lamb, John Clare, Carlyle, H. F. Cary, George Darley, Shelley, Hazlitt, Tom Hood, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, and Wordsworth, most of whom he published at some time or other in the first quarter of the century. And he holds his own.

The first outstanding thing done by him was to identify the writer of the letters of Junius. The fame of that stood with him



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all his life, and it is even mentioned by John Clare (little likely to be interested in such a matter) in a pen portrait written in 1825, when the poet was beginning to be somewhat restive about the delay in publishing his last and fatal book. After saying that Taylor "is a man of very pleasant address and works himself into the good opinion of people in a moment, but it is not lasting; for he grows into a studied carelessness, and neglect, that he carries into a system" Clare goes on to praise him in spite of this characteristic publisher's psychology, and comments particularly on his subtlety in argument, concluding that "he is a clever fellow and a man of Genius and His Junius Identified is the best argument on circumstantial evidence that ever was written."

That intellectual distinction remained with Taylor throughout his long life, and, as late as 1860, J. Payne Collier wrote to him "Your forehead is just the same. I remember Mr. Hazlitt telling me that it was impossible for a commonplace man to have such a head." And there had been ructions too with Hazlitt! Indeed, as Mr. Blunden points out, "the dissatisfaction of Hazlitt, de Quincey, Landor, Clare, Hood, Charles Brown and Lamb would seem to amount to a case against him." Sooner or later every publisher is bound to get into difficulties with his authors. The trouble is that the relationship in the beginning is rather an intimate and friendly one. The nature of the goods makes it so. The very stuff of a man's mind and nerves is being marketed, and the writer is as it were all exposed to the elements, and very sensitive to the least current of the air. He expects his publisher to protect him and to feed him. It usually turns out that the publisher cannot do so, having neither the energy (which needs to be superhuman where he is handling more than three or four authors) nor the wherewithal to go round.

Mr. Blunden examines the "dissatisfaction" and concludes that "out of those confusions Taylor emerges as the man who more than anyone else among publishers of his day placed his resources at the disposal of genius in distress; he did so when he was young for Keats, and throughout the rest of his life he befriended Clare. In those episodes which do not yield quite so clear a ring, may it not be considered that sheer exhaustion played some part; that the obscurity in which he sometimes left his intentions or operations concerning his authors was less a matter of permanent character than of an idealism overburdened and a daily life subject to too many things at once?"

If Taylor needs any exoneration, there it is. But he does not. The outstanding features of his life's work are sufficient. He showed his good taste by publishing so many authors whose work has since been vetted and approved by time, and he showed his faith by assisting those authors when their books did not sell. He was fully aware of Keats's greatness, and his belief never wavered. Even after his death, at the sale of his library in 1865, first edition copies of Lamb's *Album Verses* and Keats's *Lamia, Isabella* volume went for 3*s.* together; while a lot of eight volumes, one of which was *Endymion*, went for 4*s.* That is a grim comment on the market value of Keats's work during Taylor's lifetime, and how much he was repaid for the generous loans he made to the sick poet towards the end of the tragic boy's life.

Throughout this book Mr. Blunden shows his judgment as a mature and balanced force; a notable achievement for a specialist. It is to be remembered that he has, in the past, spent a great deal of time and enthusiasm in restoring the reputation of John Clare. After so much labour he might have been tempted in retrospect to over-estimate Clare; but here is what he says now. "Clare was, in a sense, never to know deep down what the art of poetry is—to espy that tyrannous judgment, that aesthetic economy; and in course of time the world of readers felt through his productions the defect of which Taylor was endeavouring to free him, and, seated with 'the Circumstances,' deserted this wonderful master of *minutiae* but not of idea."

One of the most enjoyable qualities in the book is the author's gift of quiet humour, usually emerging through apt quotation and subtle understatement. It gives his work an increasing dryness (the dryness of a good vintage, not the dryness of the pedant), as where he refers to Coleridge as "the mitreless bishop." In another place, after showing Coleridge as working with the astuteness and speed of an ideal literary agent on behalf of Cary's translation of Dante, Mr. Blunden slily refers to "his somnambulistic inefficiency which has been the theme of so many simple souls."

As a result of Mr. Blunden's patient discoveries of letters and facts of literary history, the book is full of quotable passages; but they must be left so that the reader can find and enjoy them privately.

RICHARD CHURCH

RESTORATION LETTERS

Postman's Horn: An Anthology of the Letters of Latter Seventeenth-Century England. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It was an admirable idea of Mr. Bryant's to make an anthology of English correspondence from the Restoration to the death of William III, and no one could have better qualifications for the task. His studies of Pepys and of Charles II have made him intimate with the period and its personalities: we have a comfortable feeling, in reading his introductory comments, that, if we were to attend in his company any notable gathering of the time, he would be able to introduce us to three-quarters of the room. Not that he has confined his selection to the letters of the great; indeed he has very wisely adopted the opposite course, wishing to show us not the makers of history, but the people "at whose expense history is made." Of course not all of them were as yet articulate: if any beneath the rank of small country squire happened to write, his letters would be unlikely to survive. But, with this unavoidable omission, how full and varied a picture is here displayed: the complications of travelling, of laying in food and coal, of arranging marriages and funerals; town gossip, country gossip, university gossip; Lord Chesterfield and Lord Rochester breaking a disproportionate number of hearts; the fast Miss Stewkeley "declaring Preshaw was never so irksome to her, and now hath been at all the Salisbury races, dancing like wild with Mr. Clarke"; and poor Dr. Woodroffe making a show of himself at Christ Church:

> Last night he had Madam Warcup at his lodgings, and stood with her in a great window next the quadrangle, where he was seen by Mr. Dean himself and almost all the House toying with her most ridiculously, and fanning himself with her fan for almost all the afternoon.

Mr. Bryant's two richest sources have been the famous Verney MSS. of which a generous selection has already appeared in the *Verney Memoirs*, and another vast collection, that of the Shakerley family, many of which are here printed for the first time. England possesses enormous accumulations of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century correspondence, and no doubt there is much more still unearthed in country houses; it is to be hoped, therefore, that this skilfully sifted and grouped anthology will be the first of a series. But no period could be more enticing than this, or more interesting to the student of English prose. Amateurs as well as professionals were beginning to write with that almost colloquial simplicity and ease which were ousting the imaginative fantasies of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan prose. The new note is audible in John Verney's postscript to his wife: "I have had my hair cut"; and again in Mrs. Beaumont's reply to a worried young bride: "I have no receipt for puddings nor ever had. I make them always by guess." Plain words for plain things; but elsewhere echoes of the cloudy richness of the past are not wanting. It is, of course, no surprise to find Sir Thomas Browne writing to his daughter, who had witnessed a shipwreck:

> Some wear away in calms, some are carried away in storms: we come into the world one way, there are many gates to go out of it.

But tempestuous weather draws from plain Edmund Verney phrases no less resonant:

> I received your story how that in Holland the winds were loosed and the Heavens opened, showering down much mischief.

This same Edmund Verney is the solidest figure that emerges from Mr. Bryant's book. "I am among those objects," he says in an early love-letter, "which are seen and please best at a closer view." So he is; and it is with real pleasure that the reader meets him here and there in the course of a not over-easy life. His wife early lost her reason, so that he was obliged to be father and mother in one to little "Mun," packing up for him at Oxford a great trunk-full of good things:

> 18 Savile Oranges, 6 Malaga lemons, 1 lb. of brown sugar candy, ½ of a lb. of white sugar candy, 1 lb. of picked raisins, good for a cough.

He is greatly concerned lest Mun may catch a cold

> coming out of the hot playhouse into the cold air. . . . Be sure you drink no cooling tankard nor no cooling drinks whatsoever. . . . Hearken thou unto the voice and advice of me thy father, loving thee better than himself.

Not so gentle is the stream of advice tendered to young George Shakerley of Brasenose by his humourless half-brother Peter,

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thirty years his senior. "Dear George" and "My dear George" at last give way to a shocked "George! . . . Is this the method to resemble me? Is this the method to retain me your loving brother? No, I'll assure you, it is not."

Nothing annoyed this pompous M.P. more than George's misspelling of their surname with two k's—a matter which never troubled the Elizabethans. One wonders what he made of his step-mother's spelling. "I wind send my boy a porpus to bring word how you dow," writes Lady Shakerley in a sentence which Mr. Bryant quotes in excuse for having modernised the spelling: the only point in his editing of a delightful book with which one might disagree. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE LEGEND OF THE CORPORATE STATE

Under the Axe of Fascism. By GAETANO SALVEMINI. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

This is a bitter book by one of the most distinguished of Italian *émigrés*. In his earlier writings Professor Salvemini has taught us to expect from him a high standard both of style and scholarship. He has not lost these gifts and has now given us one of the most brilliant attacks on Italian Fascism which has yet been written. The first part of this book deals with the theory of the Corporate State in Italy and with its practical realisation, the second part with the economic achievements of the *régime*.

"Before the eyes of a world horrified by the tragedy of Russia, Italian Fascism assumed the rôle of the knightly Saint George who had slain the red dragon of Communism. The legend appealed to the imagination and soothed the fears of all the good people of Europe and America. It became the sacred myth around which was woven the early Fascist propaganda." This myth is being vigorously exploited to-day far outside the boundaries of Italy, though with even less justification and with much greater danger to the peace of Europe.

Professor Salvemini has no difficulty in showing that in Italy itself "the Corporative State" has remained a fiction and a mere tool of propaganda. Not till 1930, eight years after the March on Rome, was the National Council of Corporations created. And at that time there were no Corporations! The first of these, that of the Stage, was not set up till 1931. Twenty-two Corporations, encompassing the whole national life, were created, on paper, in 1934. But on July 21st, 1935, in the *Echo de Paris*, Monsieur Kerillis, one of the most ardent of Signor Mussolini's French admirers, remarked that the Corporations were merely "a façade behind which there was not much of anything" and that "half at least of the twenty-two Corporations had never been convoked." Professor Salvemini adds that "on none of the economic and financial provisions which were made in connexion with the Ethiopian War, was ever any Corporation asked to give its advice. Everything went on as though no Corporation ever had been set up in Italy." The National Council of Corporations, moreover, has no powers. It is purely advisory to the Head of the Government and it seldom meets. As for the syndicates of employers and employed, which it is the avowed purpose of the Corporations to weld together, their officials are all appointed by the Government. In the Fascist Trade Unions, "the rank and file have no greater authority than the animals in a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals." The plain truth is that Italy is run, not by any elaborate Corporative machinery, but by Mussolini himself, and by the small group of men who at any given time enjoy his confidence.

Some of the best things in Part I of this book are the scathing exposures of the gullibility and gross misstatements of certain non-Italian writers on the Italian Corporative State.

So far so good. But Part II is a little less convincing. "The objectionable point in Fascist propaganda," says Professor Salvemini, "is that it claims that nothing had been accomplished before Mussolini, and that since his advent all problems have been speedily solved." This is true. But Professor Salvemini goes to the other extreme, natural enough in anti-Fascist propaganda, and claims, in effect, that since the advent of Mussolini nothing of economic value has been accomplished. And this, even after all legitimate subtractions have been made, remains an exaggeration which we delude ourselves in harbouring. Much of the Public Works, in particular, has been admirable, both in conception and execution. And it is no answer to say that there were Public Works before Mussolini. HUGH DALTON

THE INNOCENT CONVICT

The Innocence of Edmund Galley. By R. S. LAMBERT. *Newnes.* 10s. 6d.

"We must be free or die," exclaimed the poet in an expansive mood. In the early nineteenth century this was still a mortal hard alternative. Since 1740 the common man in England had been intoning under his breath, "Britons, Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves," since 1834 he had been paying for Emancipation in various parts of the Empire; after 1832, if he were an honest fellow and industrious, he was at least half enfranchised; but in 1836, if he were poor and attempted to form a trade union he was in danger of being transported, if he were poor and feckless and came up against the law, he was lucky to escape hanging. Prosecutions were still conducted by privately hired lawyers—hired to be ferocious and to strain for a conviction. The accused man's counsel was not allowed to address the jury on his behalf. The appeal from the assize courts was directly to the Home Secretary; and he, however liberal and humane he might be, would feel naturally reluctant to upset a jury's verdict and thereby censure the competence of a Baron of the King's Bench. The system was bad, but in spite of it the innocence of Edmund Galley was apparent. It was his crowning misfortune—had it not been for a generous-hearted rogue, this misfortune would have been the death of him—that he was tried by Mr. Justice Williams. According to Mr. Lambert, Williams was "neither an accurate nor a merciful judge," though we know that he was patient, urbane and fond of putting allusive colour into his summings-up. The mercilessly literary judge we still know, but thanks to agitations, such as the one this book recounts, and to the Court of Appeal, such incompetence and callousness as Galley suffered are not likely to recur to-day. Forty years later, speaking in the House of Commons, Sir Henry James referred to Mr. Justice Williams as "the most comic judge that ever sat on the Bench." To the poor, the faint and the helpless he was no joke.

By chance the story spans the humanitarian revolution in England. Low life and public hangings of the early phase give way to the sturdy Liberals and the well-meaning ruling class who took the case of dim, far-distant Galley (for he had been transported to Australia) into the House of Commons. It was a transition from a Smollett world to a Trollope world—after the speeches of Mr. Home Secretary Cross and the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, it was a surprise to find Planty Pal taking no part that day. So the Government was shaken in a full-dress debate about a forty-year-old injustice, by a personality so faint in the head that he could not remember for a year, where he was on the night of a murder for which he had been condemned to death. Perhaps this wispiness more than anything else was responsible for his troubles. The judge, in his fatal blundering summing-up, clearly had thought of the two in the dock as indivisible in the person of Buckingham Joe, the highwayman. But it was all one in the end, Parliament voted free pardon and compensation. Edmund Galley found himself at the age of seventy-five, respected—even married—rich and established in his new country. No one who saw him in his thimble-rigging days could have foreseen such an end—he was misfortune's luckiest child.

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A PRACTICAL ANTHOLOGY

The Gardener's Companion. By MILES HADFIELD. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

By all the proper laws of reviewing I should not review this book, since I have the honour to be in it. I say honour advisedly, and the word is my excuse for saying something in praise of Mr. Hadfield's anthology. For this is, to my mind, the best sort of gardening book. Wide in scope, informative, witty, historical, curious, nicely but essentially embellished, it is a proper study of gardening art. I am aware that Mr. Compton Mackenzie has done his best to introduce some improprieties, but more of that later. The book is cultured, but democratic. It caters for all classes, from the novice to the epicure, and treats of almost everything in gardens from the lily to the slug. And while I am on the subject of what the book is, it may be well to indicate what the book is not. *The Gardener's Companion* is not, therefore, sloppy, dilettante, ill-informed, sentimental twaddle, the sort of book to be bound in velvet and reverently laid at the feet of genteel aunts. It assumes in the reader a genuine love of flowers and earth, a proper passion for gardens, and some adult desire to improve

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the mind. It provides knowledge, useful hints, colour, fragrance and, from Mr. Mackenzie, some horseplay.

For epicures Mr. E. A. Bunyard, who might, by the way, tip us the wink as to where his epicurean seeds may be bought, has written an entirely admirable dissertation, dry and sharp as a russet newly gathered, on all the most aristocratic fruit and vegetables. Mr. Eric Fitch Daglitch follows with *The Gardeners' Botany, Garden Animals, Birds in the Garden, Bird Tables and Nesting Boxes,* and *The Garden Pond.* Mr. Miles Hadfield, to whom all the bouquets are due anyway, contributes all over the place, with splendid diligence, sections such as *Plants and Periods, Gardeners' Societies, A Gardeners' Bibliography, How Plants are Named,* and a *Short History of Specific Names.* In addition he supplies the whole middle section of the book, *The Gardeners' Anthology,* in which almost anybody of some consequence in horticultural literature, Robinson, Farrer, Wilson, Wallace, Jekyll and a lot of people of consequence in contemporary literature have something to say, the section beginning with Shakespeare and ending with the irreverent Mr. Mackenzie.

To get down, at last, to this business of Mr. Mackenzie. His part is no more or less than an unseemly contribution called *The Mighty Fallen,* in which the great are caught napping. I am happy to say that I do not figure in this section, which involves such august names as Michael Drayton, Leigh Hunt, Sir Thos. Browne, Miss Claire Leighton, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. Max Beerbohm, the great Darwin, the great Nichols, and the great Walpole. Altogether a merciless bit of tomfoolery, compiled by a man whose botanical knowledge, as I know to my cost, it never does to question.

This then, I repeat, is the best kind of gardening book. Sound and catholic, witty and fragrant, it will meet all demands.

H. E. BATES

CAMERA STILLROOM

Movie Parade. By PAUL ROTHA. *The Studio.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Modern movie or cinema—to write like Mr. Rotha, depriving the words of the indefinite article, as one would say poetry, art or polo—has developed from a sneeze; for the first motion-picture recorded the sneeze of Mr. Fred Ott, we are told. In its forty years of life then, movie has travelled far, to become a vastly profitable industry and the favourite time-killer of our age, with a weekly following of 200 million addicts. Born in 1895, the cinema's first eight years of infancy were spent "reproducing the actual, showing a record of prize-fights, funerals and everyday events" and also, quite soon, in playing the fool, for it was always a magic-lantern as well as a newsreel, with a leaning towards fantasy and a simple interest in fact. Both tendencies would have ended in the cinema's collapse, Mr. Rotha assures us, if in 1903 a story (*The Great Train Robbery*) had not been introduced—introduced with such effect that to represent Films of Fiction in this book Mr. Rotha has collected "stills" from close on five hundred films. Including his specimens from Films of Fact, he has marshalled the work of 300 directors of nearly 600 pictures, chosen from ten times that number. Let it be said at once that this great labour has given an admirable result; *Movie Parade* is an attractive and highly interesting record of the film till now.

However, a collection of stills is only as instructive to the film-fan as a number of flowers picked in various forests, withered and pressed between the pages of a book, would be to a botanist. Most stills are not enlarged fragments of a live film, but veritable "studio portraits" of certain scenes, deliberately posed. A still tells us next to nothing about a film we have not seen, and can only serve to jog our visual memories of what we recall, if we have seen it as a motion-picture, a thing of movement. Mr. Rotha fully realises this natural disadvantage of his book: that it must attempt to indicate statically "those exciting virtues which spring from the film's inherent capacity for showing motion"; it also cannot illustrate the special devices of the cutting bench nor record "the imaginative effect of the marriage between sight and sound." These frames are projected on the screen at the rate of sixteen or more to the second, so that a still, except that it is faithful to the art it represents in its colour, is no more expressive of the thing as a whole than a press photograph of sport or ballet. We may therefore suggest that such pictures should be chosen primarily for their beauty as photographs, since they can seldom be relied on to give an adequate impression of atmosphere or method. It is a pity, for instance, that the still from *The Student of Prague* should be as poor as any in the book.

Of the three possible ways of ranging his exhibits—chronologically, by nationality, or according to subject and form—Mr. Rotha chose the last, which was probably the best, although he claims that it reveals "the cycles of subject-matter which are so typical of the commercial cinema," whereas clearly that purpose, though not particularly important, would have been better served by either of the other methods. This arrangement divides his book into three parts, thirteen sections, and twenty-four sub-sections, each of them prefaced by a pungent critical précis of the type of film about to be shown. This naturally involves a certain amount of overlapping and arbitrary classification; it also makes for a somewhat repetitive dudgeon in the critical asides; but his plan is intelligently carried out, and his dissatisfaction with most of the uses to which the cinema is put, although he rather overstates his case, is one which all sociologists and many picturegoers will share. The latter, however, will probably be surprised to find that, among others, *City Lights, The Kid, La Bandera, The Ghost That Never Returns, Fury, Trouble in Paradise* and *Crime Without Passion* have been left out of Mr. Rotha's anthology culled from close on six thousand films.

We have hinted that Mr. Rotha is a little too hard on the films. They are frequently attacked on three separate grounds: as morally, politically, or intellectually degrading. It is clear from this that they must be bad art. We know they are. But certainly Mr. Rotha knows, too, that a few exceptional films—not only propaganda and documentary films, but comedies, romances and dramas—have been what they set out to be: fine entertainment—and at the same time as inspiring as Mr. Rotha's own superlatively good film, *The Face of Britain.* We recognise that "the current cinema," week by week, is Western capitalist civilisation's sop to the masses; and that, as Mr. Rotha repeatedly points out, is really why it is bad. A cheap drug to buy, expensive to produce—but profitable: no wonder that it's mightily monopolised! Ninety-nine out of a hundred films embroider or deny reality, avoid major sociological issues, and draw a veil of dreamy make-believe across the ugliness and despair of millions. This wink of the camera's eye may be shameful and deliberate—but, after all, who buys the wink? Madame Boxoffice dictates in her own house, but she does her crafty, ignorant best to content her customers. In a portrait-gallery of her wares it is perhaps enough to remark, without going on about it, that they would be better if this were a better world. For further discussion of that deplorable fact there are surely other, more ample occasions. JOHN MARKS

SHORTER NOTICES

The Law. By THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY SLESSER. *Longmans.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is not easy for a lawyer immersed in the administration of the law to write a book about it which will be understanded of the people. Lord Justice Slesser has made a first-rate job of the task he has set himself in this little volume. He traces skilfully and clearly the slow development from the earliest days of that remarkable thing—the Common Law—of equity and other jurisdictions, of judge-made law and statute law, and of international law. His chapters on crime, torts, contract, and the rights of property (though they are necessarily only bare outlines), will enable the lay reader to clear up many confusions and perplexities, and even to find a new interest in the study of the law reports. There will doubtless be some who would like a little more criticism, for though our law may be, as Sir Henry calls it—a "unique ordered moral system which is the custodian of English Justice"—it is far from perfect. But the main purpose of the book is not to criticise, but to explain, and that it does admirably.

German Journey. By CHRISTOPHER SIDGWICK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Though the present generation of British explorers has accustomed us to the notion of travelling with a spy glass and a .22 rifle, it comes as something of a shock to find Mr. Christopher Sidgwick setting out for Germany with a "Zeiss and a Remington" in his bag. Later it emerged that these were no stalking tools, but the camera and typewriter of the impartial observer. It is this quality of impartiality that gives his book its main value as a plain man's view of present day Germany. Rather than appear too knowing, Mr. Sidgwick poses lightly as a duffer, "I miss trains," he seems to say, "people are in league to misinform me," "I know nothing about art." On the eve of his return to England, he felt that he had perhaps been "hoodwinked" all round. The Nazis had been nice to him, but he realised that their consideration "did not extend to the Pole in the corridor." He went over the concentration camp at Dachau—the conditions he describes would compare favourably with those in many English prisons. He saw no Jew-baiting and felt that things had improved since the early days of the Nazi terror—and then nullifies his judgment by saying that nothing the Nazis have done is more savage or disgusting than the American habit of gambling on murder trials. He found that in the main the Germans liked Hitler, not

What does credit cost?

The other day we had occasion to accompany a friend who was ordering some boots from one of those exclusive little boot shops in the West End. Sitting in the shop our eye caught this notice over a pair of shoes: "Cash price £3 7s. 6d.; Credit £3 12s. 6d.; 5% charged after the first year."

We liked those last four words. Here was a shopkeeper, whose cash prices appeared to us to be pretty high anyhow, telling his customers that if they paid, say, three years after they had them, their boots would cost nearly 20% more. This is not a very high charge for credit compared, for example, with the terms demanded for deferred payments for a car.

We give this personal experience to emphasise to our customers, and to readers who, we hope, will some day be Goss customers, that so long as any business is run for profit, it must charge for credit. Often these charges make the banks look like charities!

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extravagantly, but that nearly everywhere there was someone who didn't like him at all. Germany as a whole was moderately prosperous—Saxony was an exception. There was unemployment everywhere—but there were labour camps too. Landing at Dover the first thing he saw was a group of our own unemployed lounging against a wall, and he wondered if there was not, after all, something to be said for a country which made at least an effort to deal with its problems. And then, reflecting that a little of what you fancy does you good, and that the Germans fancy regimentation as the English fancy muddle, he went home to tea. *German Journey* is not an inspired work, but it manages to convey to the reader just how difficult it is, even for those in the country, to know what is going on in Germany. Mr. Sidgwick's photographs (taken with the Zeiss mentioned above) must be the envy of all holiday snappers.

The Rape of Africa. By LAMAR MIDDLETON. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Men Moralise Among Ruins" was the text of Mr. Leonard Woolf's book about the "belligerent, crusading, exploiting, proselytising civilisation" of the nineteenth-century Imperialism. Mr. Lamar Middleton's contention is that men are inclined to accept the ruins at their face value. The torture of Matteotti and the judicial murder of Andrée, once out of the headlines, are out of mind. The various evils that European rapacity had done in Africa were buried and forgotten when the barking of the bad dog Italy reminded us that the rapacity in question was still living. The comic opera pronouncements of our grandfathers, who with Maxim gun and gin bottle coloured a continent with their chequered pattern, sprang readily to the lips of Signor Mussolini. A book like Mr. Middleton's is necessary to remind us of the similarity. Where his story of depredation begins (in 1877) Europeans owned only 10 per cent. of Africa—and more than half of that share belonged to the Turks. Only twenty-three years later, in 1900, the Europeans owned 90 per cent., while to-day, with the doubtful exception of Liberia (which, as Mr. Middleton explains, is more or less in the control of an American rubber company) the so-called rape is complete. Up till 1912 the Powers had reason to be pleased with their handling of the situation. Purchase prices had kept low (the Germans paid £2,000 and a lot of rum for Cameroons, Rhodes paid £100 a month and some rifles for Rhodesia) a European war was avoided, relatively few white lives were lost (Adowa was unusual) and the natives, though they had sold their country and whatever freedom they had enjoyed, were not much worse off under their new white rulers than under Mumbo Jumbo. Mr. Middleton fills out the naked villainy with circumstantial details from contemporary newspapers. "Paris, in the summer of 1877, was atrociously hot," "Leopold sped two top-hatted envoys to lure Stanley to Brussels," "The Quai D'Orsay was anxious," "the Wilhelmstrasse," "the Widow of Windsor." He takes an ironical pleasure in syncopating his tale of woe. The more he can discover of booby English statesmanship, of German brutality and Belgian greed, the happier he is. His main fault is to be a little overcredulous of ill report (for example he several times quotes as an authority on German colonisation, an English book published during the war). For its European overlords Mr. Middleton thinks Africa a doubtful blessing. It brought about (he feels) one European war, and will another. He feels too, that the industrial revolution, as applied to waging war, will reach the black man eventually, that black faces and black machine guns will turn the tables on civilisation. Though Mr. Middleton's aim is to humble, not to bolster up the aggressor, his message is as simple as G. A. Henty's. One can only hope it will have the circulation it deserves.

I Decorate My Home. By DEREK PATMORE. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Modern Home: Its Decoration, Furnishing and Equipment. By ROGER SMITHELLS and S. JOHN WOODS. *F. Lewis.* 30*s.*

"Want a guide?" is a phrase often whispered by seedy gentlemen with furtive eyes and sallow complexions. But Messrs. Patmore, Smithells and Woods will lead you to nothing equivocal or dangerous. Mr. Patmore is the safer cicerone, and with a nice friendly chatter gives very sensible advice on the choice and arrangement of furniture, lighting and so forth. His book would make a most useful present to anyone about to be married. His taste is good, his suggestions practical. *The Modern Home* is a more ambitious work, profusely illustrated. The authors have thrown their net wide, and include specimens for every taste, so that their book is a guide rather to what is available than to what can be surely recommended. Modern decoration, it must be admitted, is in constant danger of falling into either vulgarity or genteel insipidity. The popularity of off-white, beige, and monochrome colour-schemes produces most depressing effects, and the "modern" furniture we are offered too often is merely aseptic. But the textiles, such as those designed by the most distinguished living artists for the firm of Allan Walton, are often of extraordinary beauty. These two books are useful in showing to what good use such materials can be put.

Recollections of Sophia Lonsdale. By VIOLET MARTINEAU. *Murray.* 9*s.*

Miss Lonsdale's recollections, compiled when her keen and lively faculties were unimpaired, have been augmented with notes and letters from her friends. The work has evidently been a labour of love, and the portrait that emerges is one that commands respect. Miss Lonsdale tells us of her life in Lichfield, where her father was Canon and her grandfather had been Bishop, and, though much of her social work was done in London, in association with the C.O.S., it is her sketches of life in a cathedral city that give its charm to the book. For Sophia Lonsdale was a "character" living among "characters," a potential writer who, if she had cultivated her gifts of swift and subtle observation, might have gone far as a biographer or novelist. An educationist who rode to hounds, a humorist who befriended the poor, Sophia Lonsdale must have been an inspiring influence wherever she went.

Week-end Competitions

No. 350

Set by Hamish Miles

The (U.S.A.) *Time* style of journalism is becoming the accepted model for Fleet Street's slickest and bravest, and there are now at least two English news-magazines based on their ingenious prototype. Their trick syntax and snapshot phrases may colour the vernacular much as the films have done. As an exercise in the style, the usual prizes are offered for imaginary recordings of *one* out of the following hypothetical events: maximum of words, 200.

1. The opening of a Channel Tunnel.
2. The 100th birthday of Mr. Bernard Shaw.
3. The suppression of the *Saturday Review* by the first Communist Government.
4. The suppression of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by the first Blackshirt Government.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 4.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 348

Set by Ralph Partridge

In the *Times* the other day there was a short paragraph from their Tokyo correspondent, headed: *New Use for Jazz.* The usual prizes are offered for the most convincing paragraph of not more than 200 words to appear in a future issue of the *Times* from either their Berlin, Bangkok or Brighton correspondents, headed *New Use for Swastika.*

Report by Ralph Partridge

I am delighted with the variety of uses to which the overworked Swastika may still be put in future: for instance, to supplant the Cross as the emblem of Aryan Christianity (Desmond Hooper), or adapted for the cutting of German corn in place of its Bolshevik rival, the sickle (Douglas Harding). Too many competitors, however, were carried away with their inventive fecundity and neglected the important ingredient of a *Times* correspondent entirely. Many of their discoveries would only have been recorded in print by the *Daily Worker* or the *Daily Herald.* Of the geographical situations Brighton was generally preferred to Berlin; Bangkok was almost entirely neglected, because either its appeal was not so immediately suggestive or the range it offered was too unlimited.

A remarkable number of derogatory uses were put forward connected with the public and private lavatories of Brighton. Indeed, so popular is this line that the inventors ought to approach some enterprising manufacturer of toilet accessories. A swastika spittoon was suggested independently by two competitors, but William Burch indulged in mathematical facetiousness such as the *Times* would execrate, while R.D.C. (who might otherwise have taken a prize) constructed his spittoons in the shape of a swastika, a design which even if practicable, which I doubt, would hardly encourage their accurate use.

I award the first prize to Harry Broadbent, and the second to Manica, although the style of his entry is more reminiscent of the *Observers,* Budapest correspondent than of the staid *Times* staff.

FIRST PRIZE

NEW USE FOR SWASTIKA

From our correspondent in Berlin.

Berlin has adopted the system of Belisha-beacons—with a difference. As well as the ordinary orange-coloured globe type of beacon marking the crossings for Aryans, there is to be a swastika type which will mark those places where Jews are to be allowed to cross the street, according to a notice issued by the Chancellery to-day. But whereas the orange beacons, the notice continues, constitute a signal to motorists to stop, the swastika will merely be an indication of the fact that Jews are crossing,

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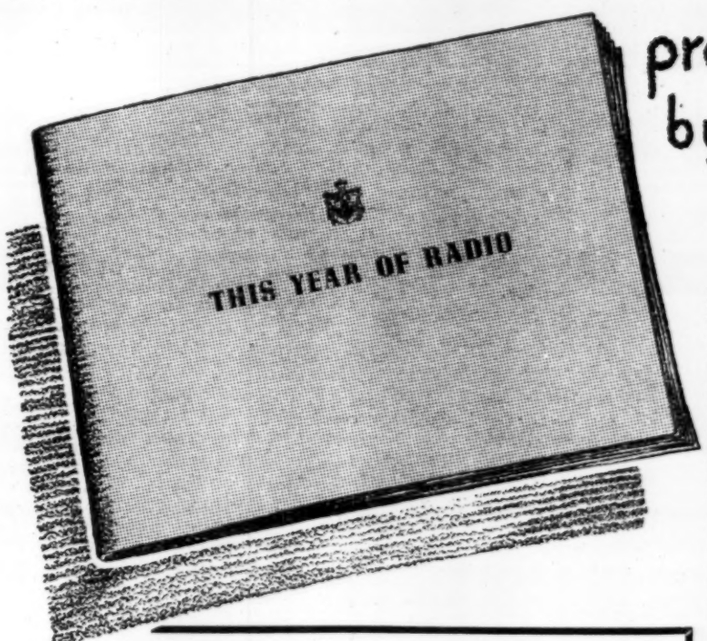

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C. R. Casson 14

or are liable to cross, at that point. Jews found taking cover on an orange beacon crossing will be heavily fined.

"It is intolerable," said a police official to a gathering of journalists to-day, "that Germans should be incommoded by Jews as they go about their business; nor have the Jews an equal right to protection and conveniences afforded by the State to citizens."

SECOND PRIZE

(From the *Times* of July, 1937.)

NEW USE FOR SWASTIKA

Brighton, Thursday.

A man appeared to-day in the Brighton police-court charged under the Public Order Act with wearing a "political uniform" in a public place. Evidence was brought for the prosecution that he had been seen on the foreshore in a bathing costume embroidered front and back with a large Swastika, and it was urged that this brought him within the terms of the Act. The man admitted wearing the garment in question, but claimed that it had no political significance. He wore it, he said, for his own protection.

The magistrate's clerk: That is exactly what the Act seeks to prevent. In this country the forces of the law will give you all the protection you need.

The Accused: Not against jelly-fish.

He went on to say that previously he had suffered much while bathing from jelly-fish stings, but that since he had taken to wearing the Swastika costume he had been immune.

The Clerk: This is an extraordinary excuse. Can you explain it?

The Accused: I think they think I am an octopus.

The charge was dismissed.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 204.—GUFFINS

Extract from a letter.

The next race was the five miles. It was very boring. There were nine starters; they all wore large number-cards, 1 to 9 inclusive. Sloper, who was as bored as I was, turned to me and said: "What'll you bet me that the numbers of the first four—taken in the order in which they finish—don't make a perfect square?"

"How d'you mean?" I said.

"Why" said Sloper, "suppose No. 3 is first; then No. 7; then No. 2; then No. 1. That's 3721—square of 61. I should win my money."

I made a rapid calculation. "I'll lay you fifty to one in shillings."

"Done."

That made the race more interesting. Sloper began working out squares. Meanwhile, some of the runners dropped out. After about ten minutes, Sloper said: "By gad, Caliban, things don't look too good for you. There are only five runners left in. And the odds against a perfect square—if I've calculated correctly—are now only 23 to 1."

"That's all right, Sloper," I said. "You'll have earned your money if you win."

Five minutes later another runner dropped out. It was Guffins. Sloper's grin broadened. "If four don't finish," he said, "the bet, I suppose, is off. But as there are four prizes, they ought now all to hang on. And Guffins's withdrawal makes the odds against me much, much, shorter than before."

What was Guffins's number?

PROBLEM 202.—CROME TERRACE

By W. F. LUCKETT

Mr. Brown's house is called Black Rock and is painted green.

A number of competitors, overlooking the subtleties of this problem, have claimed a multiplicity of solutions. The above, however is unique.

PROBLEM 201.—DIGITS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Michael Stewart, 24 Winn Rd., S.E.12.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

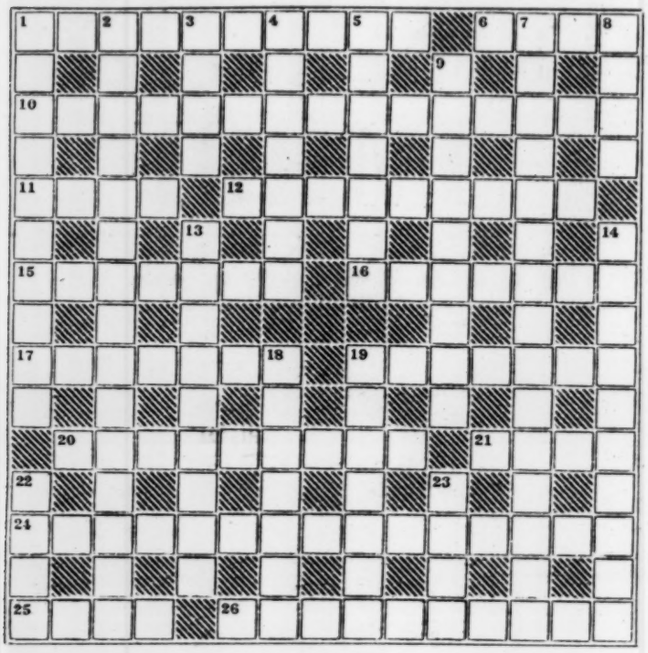
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 351

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

H. Knight, 2 The Grove, Greenwich, S.E.10.

ACROSS

1. Had a hearty flutter.
6. One can detect it in Nefertite's pyramid.
10. Inflation and outcry in the kitchen.
11. One bee is a bird.
12. This collection might include 8, 11, and 16.
15. He has the avenue in the National Gallery.
16. A small stream in Portuguese India.
17. Gone to bed after finishing work.
19. Have people who behave thus got the odds?
20. Such laws relate to our inheritance.
21. The King has an exclusive right to this herb.
24. Where the road takes a line on the level.
25. Piper's colouring.
26. One of these will be no chicken.

DOWN

1. They do pressing work for authors.
2. Rest beside the hearth, there's a good fellow.
3. A man doctor monkeys with them.
4. Adam gets fuddled with ale.
5. A Spanish nobleman looking up.
7. Exceptional course of those whose railway transport is chartered for them.
8. Orientals with the hump.
9. One of Richard II's should have been in a position to accept the offer of his kingdom.
13. Two Irish counties for the chorus.
14. They should help difficult plays along.
18. Did the second of 2 indeed.
19. Arrow of contention.
22. Outing that may lay one low.
23. So it is drenched in water.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

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G E O N R A H U
SWAGGERCOATS
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DRAWHOE THISTLE
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

REACTION—OIL SHARES RECOMMENDED—IRON AND STEEL REVIEWED—COAL SHARES

RUMOURS of war between Germany and Russia are said to have seriously disturbed the Stock Exchange this week and to have caused the "shake-out," but I suspect that speculators are much more worried about their open positions than about the international situation. There are some pretty large "bull" accounts outstanding which the banks—and the stock jobbers—would like to see liquidated. Perhaps the "bears," prompted by the bad political news, have attempted to force liquidation. This, however, should not disturb the holders of sound "investment" shares.

* * *

Among the first shares to recover will be the leading oils (not Mexican Eagle), for dividend prospects are bright and the American oil situation continues to improve. Consumption is 11 per cent. up this year and, according to the Petroleum Press Service, the increase in the demand for the heavy oils has been so steep that the total consumption of oil products in America this winter will be in excess of the total consumption in the summer. The output of crude oil in the United States is still "officially" in excess of consumption, but according to a remarkable estimate obtained by a leading firm of brokers the total new discoveries of oil this year are estimated to yield less than the total amount of oil taken out of the ground in the same period. This makes it hard to believe in over-production. Stocks of oil are at reasonable levels and prices are, in the eyes of producers, unreasonably low. As there has been little or no improvement in oil prices this year in spite of the heavy increase in consumption, an advance in crude oil in the spring is not unlikely. It cannot, therefore, be wrong, in my opinion, to buy our leading oil shares at present prices:

	Present Price.	Last Dividend.	1936 Estimated Dividend.	Gross Yield on Est. Dividend.
Shell Transport & Trading £1 Ordinary ..	5 5/32	17½ net	20 net	£4 10 9
Burmah Oil Co. £1 ..	5 1/16	20	22½	£4 15 3†
Anglo-Iranian Oil £1 ..	4 21/32	15	17½	£3 15 0
Trinidad Leaseholds Ord.	5⅛	25	25*	£4 13 0

* On increased capital. † Allowing for tax at 3/3.

An interim dividend is expected to be paid on Shell Transport and Trading in January and for the whole year I would not be surprised to see the dividend increased by 5 per cent. to 22½ per cent. tax free, but to be conservative I have taken the yield on the basis of 20 per cent. tax free. Ultimately—in a year or two—the directors will probably restore the dividend to 25 per cent. tax free, which was the rate paid before the slump.

* * *

Having consistently recommended Shell Union this year, I am delighted to see that the directors have at last decided to pay off all the arrears of dividend on the preferred shares and to declare a dividend of 25 cents on the common. I would like to think that the directors have listened to public criticism of their skinflint dividend policy, but I am afraid it is merely the new American Revenue Act, imposing a progressive tax on undistributed earnings, which has forced their hand. The payment of a dividend of 25 cents on the common shares, which may be regarded as a quarterly payment, indicates that they may pursue a more liberal dividend policy in the future. Holders of the 5½ per cent. preferred shares at 125½ might now consider an exchange, in part, into the common shares. All that the preferred shareholders can look forward to is that with a further expansion in earnings they will be paid off at $105 on three months' notice. And on an income basis the preferred shares are no longer attractive for a British holder. Allowing for American tax at 10 per cent. and English tax at 4s. 9d., the arrears of $26.125 gross are equivalent to $17.92 net. At an ex-dividend price of about 107½ the shares return a yield of 5.11 per cent. or 4.60 per cent. after allowing for American tax. The common shares at $27¼ return a dividend yield of 3.69 per cent. and an earnings yield of 5.90 per cent. on estimated earnings this year of $1.60. Earnings next year should be considerably higher. If there are still "bulls" of Mexican Eagle left I would advise an exchange into Shell Union common. While Mexico goes Bolshevik, Shell Union will be making capitalists feel happy.

Compared with recent speculations, iron and steel did not suffer so badly this week. That is largely because their reaction had come previously. A variety of ill events had already driven most speculators out of the iron and steel share market—for example, disappointing earnings reported by United Steel for the year ending June, very disappointing dividends declared by South Durham Steel and Iron for the year ending September, and depressing remarks on dividend expectations by the chairman of Cammell Laird, not to mention the report of the Royal Commission on the private manufacture of arms, which recommended the restriction of profits in peace time to "a reasonable scale of remuneration." To make matters worse, a leading firm of stock-jobbers issued a circular extremely critical of the then level of iron and steel share prices, a Stock Exchange event which attracted some attention, seeing how rare it is for a jobber to be cynical about the wares he sells. The argument in the circular appears to be based upon a comparison of index numbers. According to the **Bankers' Magazine** the price index of 14 coal, iron and steel shares appreciated by 62.7 per cent. between June, 1935, and October, 1936, whereas, according to the *Economist*, the net profits of coal, iron and steel companies reporting in the quarter ended September were only 30 per cent. above those of companies reporting in the corresponding quarter of 1935. I do not find this argument convincing, even if the indices provided a reliable comparison. The share markets are no doubt anticipating the full effects of the rise in iron and steel prices which has occurred this year and perhaps discounting a further rise which may come next year.

	End Dec., 1933.	End June, 1935.	End Oct., 1936.
Steel (Bars, Middlesbrough) per ton	195/–	192/6	210/–
Pig Iron (Cleveland, No. 3) per ton	62/6	67/6	75/–

Wages and costs will certainly rise, but I have little doubt that the companies will raise their selling prices in advance. What makes the leading iron and steel shares unattractive for the investor is that most companies are working near to capacity and most directors, remembering the last slump, are pursuing an extremely conservative dividend policy. For example, I do not expect Colvilles will pay more than 7½ per cent. or United Steel increase their dividend. There is still scope, however, in the shares of the following specialised companies:

	Present Price.	Last Dividend.	Estimated Dividend.	Yield on Estimated Dividend.
John Brown 6/– shares..	35/–	16⅔% net	20% net	£4 10 0
Thos. Firth & John Brown £1 "A" ..	4 3/32	12½% net	17½% net	£5 1 3
Whitehead Iron & Steel £1	7 7/16	35%	37½%	£5 0 9

* * *

On April 18th of this year and again on August 15th my Statistical Assistant recommended coal shares, and it is a pleasure to announce that there are no losses to cut.

Statistical Assistant: Three months ago I thought Shipley Collieries were "sticking out" and the advance in the price of the shares from 27s. 6d. to 38s. 6d. has justified my confidence in the arithmetical method of picking winners. Not much has happened in the meantime. Insiders are still quietly confident of an increasing price of coal, and one annual report has been issued, that of Horden Collieries, which raised its dividend as a result of coking profits from 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent. I still regard Bolsover and Shipley Collieries as cheap:

District and Company.	Year ended	Earnings %	Dividend %	Price 15.8.36.	Present Price.	Yield % on Dividend.	Yield % on Earnings.
North Derby and Notts:						£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Bolsover ...	Dec. 31, 1935	15.7	9	44/–	45/–	4 0 0	7 0 0
Shipley ...	Mar. 31, 1936	18.4	8	27/6	38/6	4 3 0	7 19 0*
Scotland:							
Fife Coal ...	Dec. 31, 1935	12.4†	7½†	46/–	46/–	4 5 0	7 3 0
Durham:							
Horden ...	Sept. 30, 1936	7.6	7½	26/3	29/–	5 3 0	5 5 0

* On earnings of 15.3% on increased capital. † Net.

Toreador: This is all very well, but the earnings figures are in some cases nearly twelve months out of date.

Statistical Assistant: I know, but a memorandum issued by a well-known firm of stockbrokers has attempted to give estimates of current earnings on the basis of current output and an increased price of 1s. per ton net. The basis seems reasonable, although I cannot agree with the arithmetic. Bolsover appears to be earning 22½ per cent. to give a round 10 per cent. earnings yield, and Shipley 25 per cent. to give an earnings yield of 13 per cent. Both dividends will no doubt be raised. Bolsover have already increased their interim from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent.

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GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Th., Sat.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.
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LYRIC. Charles the King. Thurs., Sats.
MERCURY. Dumb Wife and Panic. F., S.
PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.
PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Wed., Sat. & Dec. 21.
ROYALTY. Marigold. Wed., Thurs., Sat.
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SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
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